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YVONDE.

THE HON. CHRISTIAN METHUEN.

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COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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THE ECONOMY OF LAND.

PRAISE is due to the Board of Agriculture for the energy with which it continues to pour out instructions as to the best means of making use of the land. Its latest efforts in this direction take the form of two leaflets, one on catch crops and the other on the advantage of purchasing genuinely pure seed. These exhortations are obviously designed chiefly to meet the requirements of small occupants of land, and that being so, it appears to us that they might be very advantageously supplemented by a third. In addition to the instructions issued by the Board of Agriculture, it would, in our opinion, be very advantageous to lay down a principle which the working classes are rather slow to pick up for themselves. This is, that the object of cultivation with them should be not directed chiefly to the sale of produce. If everybody in England were to grow as much market gardening stuff as the land would produce, it is very evident that without a single hundredweight being imported from abroad the markets would be flooded, and, in point of fact, a countryman with a good garden is usually able to produce rather more

vegetables than he can use in the course of twelve months. Generations of gardening ancestors have made him skilful almost in spite of himself, and a moderately well kept cottage garden is a little marvel of productivity within a narrow area. The only obvious way in which it can be improved would be by the growing of more vegetables for late winter and spring. But it is not altogether good to particularise, because the cottager runs away with the idea that he is advised to grow an individual species; whereas the principle that he should go upon is that of providing the maximum amount of food for himself and his livestock.

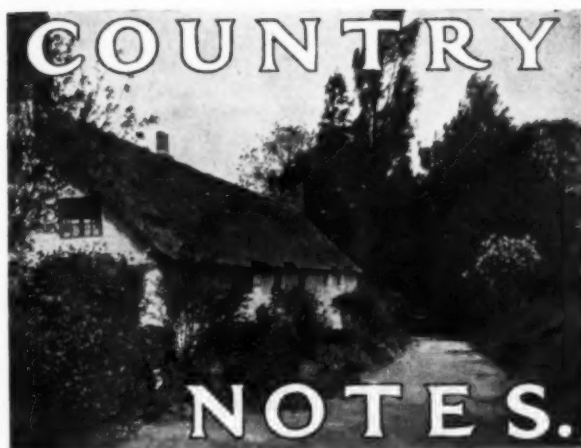
If he is able to keep a pig, then the mainstay will be potatoes, with as much barley as he can manage. If he has potatoes to bring the pig on and barley meal with which to finish it off, he will never know or feel the cost of the hams and bacon provided for his household. But the main thing is to provide food for his chickens. In some of the poultry papers it is confidently prophesied that eggs will go up to an exceedingly high price next winter. The general proposition may be admitted without too much attention being given to the figures. It is quite impossible for anybody to say with certainty that eggs are likely to cost from 4d. to 6d. in the days to come. What we do know is that for the supply of new-laid breakfast eggs Great Britain will have to depend on her home produce to a greater extent than she has been doing, and even eggs for manufacturing purposes are likely to be more costly. Chickens, too, are bound to increase in value. Usually they fall in price at the opening of the shooting season, because, naturally, those who provide themselves with pheasants and partridges do not require so many poultry.

Game is being very much neglected, especially pheasants. On many estates where vast numbers used to be reared no eggs at all are being set this year, and on other estates the number is strictly limited. Partridges may be plentiful enough, because they were not shot hard down this year, and the partridge does not suffer from overcrowding. Observers agree that they have never seen so many pairs about at this season of the year as are now busy with their courtship on the corn lands. But the partridge, although an excellent little table bird, has not weight enough to interfere seriously with the demand for chicken. Grouse, on the other hand, are likely to suffer enormously from not being killed. The modern moor is adapted only to carry a certain number, and there is no lesson of the Grouse Commission clearer than the fact that if the birds are allowed to increase abnormally, disease is bound to follow. Taking one consideration with another, therefore, the supply of game next autumn is not likely to interfere to any great extent with the price of chickens, and chickens can hardly be dispensed with in the hospitals and homes where our wounded will be tended. The demand for them will react on the private buyer, and good table birds are sure to command a high price. That would prove of little avail to the small holder if he places himself in the position where he has to buy the foodstuffs for his poultry, as they go up naturally with the price of corn. Chicken food is bound to be extremely dear. If, however, the man who has the command of two or three acres of land grows barley or oats, and it is by no means too late to do so yet, he will have the food for his chickens within his own control, and may do both himself and the country a good turn by providing for what is to come. The principle, then, which we think the Board of Agriculture should inculcate is, that on small holdings efforts should be concentrated on the raising of food for the purpose of feeding the livestock kept on such an occupancy. There is no doubt whatever that he who follows out this policy has the best chance of finding himself in a favourable position towards the end of the year. He will be able to keep his own pot boiling without any actual outlay of money, and at the same time to make a legitimate profit by selling his surplus birds.

Our Frontispiece

WE publish this week a portrait of the Hon. Ethel Christian Methuen, elder daughter of Field-Marshal Lord Methuen, G.C.B., whose engagement to the Hon. Geoffrey Howard, M.P., son of the ninth Earl of Carlisle, has just been announced.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



MAY promises this year to be anything but a "merry" month. It opens amid untold anxiety. War is being conducted at eight different fronts, and from each of them is liable to come at any moment news of the loss of one dear to somebody. As a whole the nation is free from apprehension, perhaps perilously so. High courage and stout hearts have sustained Army and Navy alike, and there is a general confidence that our fighting forces will go on towards ensuring a favourable issue to our arms. But as the object is grave so must be the sacrifices. The young manhood of this country under command which inspires the most perfect confidence will not turn its hand from the plough till the allotted task is accomplished, but we know that there must be carnage in France and Flanders before success; that the opening of the Dardanelles and the storming of the forts are feats not to be accomplished save at the cost of life; and that in lands so distant as British East Africa and the Gulf of Persia work is on hand that must involve lists of casualties. To these things a brave nation does not shut its eyes, but rather says with Banquo, "To bear it like a man I must feel it like a man."

EVERYBODY in this country heard with a thrill of delight of the feat which the Canadians performed at the end of last week. They gave an exhibition of resolution, dash and gallantry which has not been excelled since the beginning of war. In the significant words of the official message, they saved the situation. The moment was very critical. The Germans, as is well known, have been preparing for a renewed offensive in the spring. That is of the very essence of their war policy. They hold, and perhaps rightly, that the best defence is a counter attack. No doubt the storming of Neuve Chapelle and Hill 60 threw them considerably out of their reckoning, with the result that, sooner than, perhaps, was originally intended, they made a violent attack on the French line extending over eight miles northward. There does not seem to be any doubt that they had prepared asphyxiating gas, and that the fumes dazed and stupefied the French, who were compelled to retire. In that way a Canadian division, which had been held in reserve, was laid bare, and, as the German official *communiqué* promptly announced, four heavy British guns were taken. Fortunately for us, these guns could not be removed, as the British artillery rained shell and shrapnel all round them. Evidently the Canadians were put on their mettle. They made a magnificent charge with the bayonet and forced the enemy to retreat in disorder, not only recovering the lost guns, but taking many prisoners. In doing this they suffered serious loss, for which they have our fullest sympathy; but the feat shows of what splendid stuff these Canadians are made. The toughest veterans could not have acquitted themselves more creditably.

AT the present moment, when there is only one subject which is really topical and our fighting forces fill the public stage, our readers will like to know that for some time past we have had in preparation a series of military histories, of which the publication will begin almost immediately. Our Army differs from those of the other belligerent Powers, inasmuch as our men are volunteers. Normally they are quiet citizens, the majority of whom before the war broke out were pursuing the arts and professions of peace. It

is a feature of the recruiting that has taken place that it has appealed to men on every rung of the social ladder, and class distinctions to a great extent have been laid aside. Many of those who in ordinary circumstances would have been entitled to a commission if they had chosen arms as their profession have cheerfully stepped into the ranks, eager to get to the front, and fearful lest they should be delayed by formalities. This is the addition made in our time to the glorious traditions of our regiments.

WE doubt if there is another nation in the world whose military annals shine with so many examples of splendid valour. Yet the records are few and scanty. It has been the object of these military histories to give, in a form that will be correct without being technical, and full without being tedious, the history of each regiment as it has been cherished and known by those who belonged to it. A very brilliant staff of writers has been secured for the purpose, among them being Sir Henry Newbolt, who is dealing with the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry; Colonel Willoughby Verner, whose subject is the Rifle Brigade; Professor Thomas Secombe, the King's Royal Rifles; Mr. Oswald Barron, the Royal Fusiliers; Mr. H. Avray Tipping, the Royal Welsh Fusiliers; Mr. Lawrence Weaver, the Royal Scots; Mr. T. R. Threlfall, the King's (Liverpool Regiment); and the Officers' Training Corps and the Great War, by Captain Alan R. Haig-Brown, with a Preface by Colonel Sir Edward Ward. These names form in themselves a guarantee of the excellence of the workmanship.

SATURDAY witnessed a significant rise in the price of wheat. At Peterborough Corn Exchange it made an advance of from 3s. to 4s. in the week, the point reached being 64s. a quarter, the highest price made for wheat at Peterborough during the last twenty-five years. At Dorchester white made 63s. a quarter and red 60s. A similar price was obtained at Bedford, and advances are recorded from Northampton, Cambridge, Taunton and Nottingham. At Reading 63s. a quarter was reached. It is difficult to say with exactitude what are the causes of this rise. No doubt there are many, but we cannot be far wrong in saying that the chief is the retardation of proceedings in the Dardanelles. It will be remembered that on the news of the first bombardment being received, prices dropped instantaneously several points, as dealers recognised that if the huge Russian harvest could be placed on the market, wheat would be immensely cheapened. At the present moment the grain is being hoarded in Odessa ready for transport, but there is no immediate prospect of getting it through.

THE TURNING OF THE LANE.

Beyond the turning of the lane, I know
Of quiet fields where silent waters flow,

Just out of sight—the grass-track and the stile.
Will you not bear the stones a little while?

Sweet, let me kiss those tears of tired pain—
Will you not wait the turning of the lane?

There in the moonlight I will tend your scars
And bathe your feet in streamlets full of stars.

Alas! alas! that I must loiter here
Or reach those fields alone, my dear, my dear.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

IT is often with regret that we refuse to publish the many philanthropic appeals for which publicity is wanted at the present moment; but they are so numerous that to print them would defeat the object aimed at, as they would never be read. Two exceptions, however, must be made from the usual rule. We hope that our readers will do everything that they can to promote that highly deserving institution the Officers' Families Fund. It is devised to assist wives and dependents of officers in monetary difficulties incurred through the war, and for giving prompt financial aid to officers' widows and orphans. A very easy and practical way of helping will be to take tickets for the matinee performance of "The Man Who Stayed at Home" which is to be given at the Palace Theatre on Tuesday, May 11th. The King and Queen have set the good example of extending their patronage to it and of promising to be present. Another matter in which everybody is interested

is the relief of the disabled. The committee of the National Relief Fund are fortunately in a position to help soldiers and sailors on sick furlough or those who are discharged as being medically unfit. Application should be made to the Secretary, 3, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W., and should be accompanied with particulars—that is, the man's regimental number, pay, dependants, allowance, etc.

WE are very glad to know that a strong committee has been formed for the purpose of ascertaining what can be done in the way of inducing women to help in the work of agriculture while the war is in progress. Among those who are taking a prominent part in this necessary piece of organisation are Lady Londonderry, whose experience in the North of England must be of great service to the committee, and Sir Howard Frank, whose article in another section of the paper on "War and the Land" will, we think, commend itself to the great majority of fair and broad-minded citizens. From the preliminary enquiries that have been made, it has become evident enough that there are difficulties in the way. Very curiously, it is true that where agricultural wages are highest the women are most ready to assist in the work of the farm. They do so quite naturally in the Border counties—Durham, Northumberland, Berwickshire, Roxburgh, Cumberland, Dumfriesshire—but in the South of England, where wages are on a lower grade, the women seem to think it in some way beneath them to undertake the work of the fields. We are speaking of the majority of the labourers' wives and daughters. In the villages it has been possible to find a certain amount of female labour.

OBVIOUSLY, it is necessary to provide a remedy for this state of things. The prevalent idea that there is something derogatory in a woman working on the land is one of the most curious examples of gentility gone mad. There is, in point of fact, no healthier work than that of performing the lighter tasks of agriculture, and where the women do so regularly they are as fine and as highly respected a class as is to be found in rural Britain. Moreover, they enjoy a health of constitution which the indoor woman may envy. At the present moment women are required for such work as setting potatoes, and in a few weeks their services will be needed for the hoeing and singling incidental to the growing season. Thus they go on to hay harvest and corn harvest, then to the gathering of potatoes and other roots, so that work is open to them for the greater part of the year. At present, perhaps, they do not feel much of a pinch, but as the end of the war approaches and immediately after it, there is only too much reason to fear that employment and money will both be scarce. Thus the prudent woman might be well advised to earn a little while she may.

OUR "Correspondence" columns to-day bear interesting testimony to the indifference with which the little song birds are conducting their usual domestic duties in the immediate neighbourhood of the war. Mr. H. A. Bryden sends an extract from a letter written by his son which tells of a thrush nesting on one of our field guns in action. He says: "The nest is underneath the barrel of the gun, just in front of the shield, and contains four eggs." Although the gun does not seem to have been fired while the birds were building, some of the other guns in the battery were firing certainly. Captain Bryden also speaks of the large number of magpies which are nesting near by in complete indifference to the turmoil of war. In another letter Mr. Horace Hutchinson quotes from a communication sent by an officer of the Royal Field Artillery, who says: "I can at this moment hear sparrows, chaffinches and larks singing fit to bust." These observations are confirmed by a "Royal Lancaster" writing in *Cage Birds*. Between the English and German trenches it appears that the skylark may be heard in full song, and the observer saw a wren building her nest, while scores of sparrows, many yellowhammers and a few magpies approach within 200 yds. of the trenches.

"WHOM the gods love die young" is a saying from which during times like these a certain forlorn comfort is drawn. During the course of the war the deaths of many brave young officers and men, the flower of our country, have had to be recorded. But in addition to the sacrifices claimed by war, there are others caused by the usual vicissitudes of life. A few weeks ago the death of a promising young poet in the person of Mr. James Elroy Flecker had to be recorded, and now another is added to the list. Mr.

Rupert Brooke was born in 1887, so that he was only twenty-eight years of age. Four years ago he published his first volume of poems—work that exhibited among many of the extravagancies and vagaries incidental to high youth rich promise of what the author might subsequently achieve. Later he started on a twelve months' journey through the United States and Canada to the South Sea Islands, and he gave an account of his travels in a series of letters to the *Westminster Gazette* that showed him in prose a well balanced, careful observer, with wit, humour and spirit.

THUS a good augury of his career could be formed, although it did not altogether belie the phrase of a friendly critic—"magnificently unprepared for the long littleness of life." Fate ordained that length of days should not be allotted to him. Early in the war he obtained his commission in the Hood Battalion of the Royal Naval Division, and he took part in the expedition to Antwerp. Then, after a winter's training at Blandford Camp, he sailed on February 28th for the Dardanelles. He entered upon his career with zest and courage, but unfortunately it was cut short by an attack of sunstroke, from which he died at Lemnos on April 23rd.

THE JOINING.

Passon 'e jined 'em, to-day—
And us went to pray
For 'em both: while the little uns lay
Primroses there in the path as they went away.

'Er's young—just a maid—and 'e—
Well, 'twas plain to see
What 'e thought in 'is 'eart o' she
With 'er white bride-gown and 'er posy o' purity!

Not moosical, ain't our Ben,
Like some o' the men:
But birds was praisin' o' God—and then
Ben lifted 'is eyes and 'e says (soft like), "Amen!"
LILLIAN GARD.

AS far as we can gather, the liquor proposals of the Government are shaping themselves into a scheme for prohibiting the sale of the worst forms of drink and encouraging the manufacture of lighter beverages. According to a statement which we have reason to believe represents the present mind of the Government, it is intended to prohibit the sale of spirits that have not been properly matured. Of course, that would be but a partial settlement of the difficulty, because the most deleterious form of spirit is one that maturity would not improve at all. The fiery and adulterated forms of alcohol which are frequently sold under the name of whisky must be dealt with in a separate manner. In the second place, the brewing of lighter beers is to be encouraged. Here, we hope the mistake will not be made of fixing upon a species of lager beer, which is really not suitable to the British taste. Many brewers make a point of producing a light and brilliant English ale which would be much more acceptable to the public and is really so weak in alcohol that its consumption could scarcely do any harm. These changes will be accompanied by further restrictions, especially in munition areas, and reduced hours of selling generally. The policy is not very heroic, but if it will serve the purpose the public will like it none the less on that account.

IN regard to the problem of war babies which has been discussed of late, it may be useful to bear two or three considerations in mind. In the first place, it is very obvious that those who are giving what profess to be exact figures and statistics are doing nothing of the kind. It is absolutely impossible for them to have obtained an exact knowledge of the facts. In the next place, everything points to a very great exaggeration of the numbers. The behaviour of the soldiers, Regular and Territorial, in the various towns has by universal testimony been in very bright contrast to what might have been expected thirty or forty years ago; so that it is on the face of it improbable that anyone is able yet to estimate the results accurately. Lastly, it should be remembered that in the immediate future the greatest asset Britain can possess will be children, and whatever view may be taken of the conduct of the fathers and mothers, the children will not be themselves to blame, and deserve that the State should not only foster and cherish, but protect them from the stigma which attaches to illegitimacy. The mere fact that the fathers are fighting for the country ought to induce a wide and charitable manner of regarding the whole question.

THE FLEMISH SYSTEM OF POULTRY REARING:

SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED.—I.

BY MADAME B. ALBERT JASPER.



BEFORE beginning this series of articles on the Flemish rearing of table poultry, I wish to express my indebtedness to English methods. From them I first derived my taste for poultry keeping; it was they who made me a lady farmer, and if I have attained to any fame in this department, I owe it partly to England. It is all the more important for me to begin by expressing my admiration for, and my gratitude to England, since I am about to criticise English methods. For I intend to prove that if the English are our masters in the art of breeding, they have, on the whole, hitherto shown themselves ignorant of those methods for producing poultry for the market which bring in the most profit. When I first appeared as a writer on this subject in the Brussels paper *Chasse et Pêche*, about twelve years ago, I translated articles from *Poultry*, *Feathered World*, *Poultry for the Many*, and I quoted from the work of Tegetmeier, Lewis Wight, Harrison Weir, etc., until, as the result of several years' experience and observation, I was able to form opinions of my own arising from facts which I had carefully studied and mastered. Henceforth my articles became the subject of bitter controversy; they were approved by some, condemned by others. How could I dare to criticise things which until then had been considered as articles of faith? How could I venture to form my own opinions, to deny established facts? What arrogance, and what a stir among the sheep of Panurge!

After a while, however, controversy died down. So many were the visits and the letters of those who daily wished to consult me that I was compelled to refuse to reply to them. My articles and my lectures were reproduced in France, in *La Vie à la Campagne*, in several of Hatchette's publications, in agricultural magazines, etc. One of my last articles in dialogue (illustrated by Léon Defrecheux, 1910-1911), "L'Arrivée d'une jeune Poulette à Mon Plaisir," was considered so amusing and instructive that it was reproduced as a serial story in *La Meuse*, a Liège paper with a very large circulation. My hens, all Buff Orpingtons, became heroines; they were known by the name of

"Belle-Orpigne," "Hen 308," "Poulette," etc. So great was the fame they brought me that during a motor tour in France and Belgium I found myself called "Madame Belle-Orpigne." A few months before the war I was asked by M. Hyppolite Rollin, the Secretary of the Belgian Minister of Agriculture, whether I would consent to the publication of my articles in an illustrated volume. Accordingly, I asked the papers of *La Meuse* and *Chasse et Pêche* to return my negatives, and in July, 1914, I was preparing this book, when war broke out. Since then I have made several efforts to obtain my articles and negatives, but without success, alas! owing to military censorship and to the German occupation of Belgium.

Before establishing my industry commercially, which I was doing when war drove me from my home, for nine years I had occupied myself in poultry keeping, merely as a hobby, taking a delight in sending eggs and hens as presents to my friends, to hospitals, and to the needy poor. I had been spending on various experiments more than £200 a year; I had been raising annually 1,500 to 2,000 hens, experimenting, incubating, selecting and mating my breeding and laying stock according to English methods. Some of my birds, my incubators, foster mothers, etc., were even bought in this country. I myself personally carried out—and this is very important—the most insignificant details, for without this personal work such an occupation cannot possibly be successful. "No one can be a good master without first being a servant" is a saying which is especially true for a trade which consists in minutiae, constant care, personal supervision and observation.

In a short time the intensity of its interest and of its science rendered poultry keeping my dominant passion, my constant preoccupation and the delight of my life. What happy memories, what charming moments, I owe to this study! For my broods I became a tender mother, a skilled and thoughtful nurse. To these characteristics I added a patience and a desire for knowledge fostered by my reading of critical works on this subject in French and in German. I plunged into the most serious studies of the science of

breeding in general: into the chemical questions of feeding, into the physiological questions of digestion, productibility, fixation of food, etc.

For some years 25,000 to 30,000 chickens bred for the market have every year passed before me, thus widening my field of experience, and to-day rendering me capable of discussing these questions with intelligent experts in this country.

I had formed the idea of instituting in England a model poultry farm for the intensive and artificial production all the year round of chickens for the table, like the establishments which we already have in Belgium, and especially like that on my own estate. I should like to find in this country people anxious to give their names to such a work, which would bestow upon England a new and profitable industry. For a large number it might constitute a source of wealth and prosperity. The demonstrations that might be carried on there, the practical experiments conducted, would have an educative influence far wider, more durable, and more striking than all the articles written on the subject. Perhaps the present time is hardly favourable for such an undertaking; nevertheless, I do not despair of one day realising my dream.

Meanwhile, COUNTRY LIFE has honoured me by asking me to write a series of articles on this subject. I could receive no more effectual support. I accepted. I shall endeavour to render this study as profitable as I may—only too happy if I can, by making known the methods of my country, pay something of the debt which I owe to this grand nation.

A sudden change in my life induced me some years ago to invest part of my capital in the establishment of a poultry farm on commercial lines. Into this farm I put all my knowledge and all my taste, devoting to this industry the most modern discoveries and endeavouring at the same time to establish it on a profit-making basis. I had first travelled and studied in Germany, in France and in Holland, but I had not visited England. I knew that the English were excellent in the production of new breeds, sporting breeds and fancy fowls. I knew that hitherto as breeders they were unequalled, and that to them we owe the superb breeds of Durhams, Shorthorns, Southdowns, Yorkshires, etc., which command the admiration of the whole world. I knew also that they had produced first-rate breeds of poultry. I knew that their crossings were judicious and excellent. But I knew also that to them the art of the rapid production of a high average quality of table chickens was almost entirely unknown. That does not mean that in England there are not breeders and fatteners who are very competent; but there are also large numbers who produce absolutely inferior poultry, and it is they especially who need instruction in new methods. I knew that the English, because of their love of the open air, knew nothing of the art of raising poultry, artificially produced according to our methods. Those methods are repulsive to their sporting tastes, their love of the open air and of muscular exercises. But such proclivities are not favourable to the production of a rapidly grown, artificially produced chicken, with young, white, soft and savoury meat.

Returning from my studies and my travels, it was borne in upon me that, in accordance with the proverb, "A prophet is not without honour save in his own country," I had been to great expense to seek in distant lands something which lay at my very door. For I discovered that there is no one like the Flemings in this art of rapid and remunerative production. If it was not absolutely superior in quality to the French and English productions of table fowl, at least it was equal to anything I had seen. From generation to generation our peasants have been engaged in poultry keeping.

History teaches us that as early as the ninth century the Flemings were renowned for their skill in producing chickens for the table, and in the whole art of poultry keeping. I knew that since that time poultry keeping had been so far developed in Belgium that whole districts were employed entirely in the production. The Belgians have not, like the English, produced a great variety of breeds, but their breeds, such as Brackel, Combaine, Hervé, Malines, are perfectly adapted to their environment. I knew that the qualities of these breeds had been thoroughly developed, and that the Belgians excelled in the fattening and the production of table chickens. I was also aware that the fertility of the country was largely due to the manuring of the ground by the poultry kept upon it.

But I also knew what errors they had made, and how ignorant they were of science. I believed that as much,

or even more, could be done in other countries. Only intelligent comparison could enlighten me on this point. My expensive journeys, therefore, had not been useless; they showed me that the opinions held by the ancients as to our skill in poultry keeping were completely justified.

I had seen what was done elsewhere—the good and the evil of it; and in my own poultry farm I have avoided committing like errors. In every science, and in its application, there is something to be taken and something to be left. Then I added a few improvements—details of my own invention, and some which I had observed during my travels.

Since October, 1914, the date of my arrival in this country, owing to the kindness of the Minister of Agriculture, I have been placed in a position thoroughly to investigate the question of the production of table poultry. My numerous visits to different poultry farms have only confirmed me in my belief that, except in the case of certain rare and clever producers, English poultry is of an inferior quality. I was further confirmed in my opinion by my visit to the Central Market, where Mr. Charles E. Brooke, a charming gentleman, a very competent breeder and a great poultry dealer, acted as my guide. The numerous inferior birds offered for sale showed me that the science is not yet widely understood in England. Though there were a few fine specimens, how many were there of a totally inferior quality!

For some years the introduction of certain American methods modified by common-sense, necessity and practice, have made a commercial industry of poultry keeping in my country, and nowhere is it so remunerative as in Belgium. The installation of great poultry farms dates from this period. Our gentleman farmers, investing their capital in this industry, have begun to produce from 10,000 to 50,000 birds a year, partly table birds and partly chickens sold for breeding. The neighbourhoods of Brussels, Antwerp and Malines are the great centres for the production of eggs, chickens and fowls. The production and the fattening of the birds has here attained something like perfection. Does that mean that everything is excellent? Certainly not. There is still better to be done. Our peasants are not scientific, and the splendid English methods of breeding stock are too often unknown to them. Volumes might be written on the stupidity, the inconsequence and the superannuated methods of our country folk. In the course of these studies I shall have occasion to return to this subject. Suffice it now to say that the industry has been one of the sources of our national prosperity. The population of Belgium to the square mile is greater than that of any other country in the world. Our population not only feeds itself, but exports considerable quantities of eggs and poultry. In 1905 we are said to have exported £2,000,000 worth. Since then our exports have certainly increased. The difficulty of consulting documents containing official statistics makes it impossible for me to give more recent figures. All I can say is that we annually export millions of dead birds and that our productions are universally held, not only in France and Germany, but in this country also, to be of superior quality. This intensive production and the spur given to this industry by the profits derived from it have attracted the attention of the public authorities. For some years our National Federation of Aviculture, financed by the Belgian Government, has undertaken to educate our peasants in this science, in which, curiously enough, they had made but little progress for centuries. Hence the necessity of teaching them better methods of hygiene and of breeding, in order to develop still further this source of prosperity for our industrious country.

In short, the object of this science may be expressed in a few words: rapid and intensive production, at a slight cost, of a bird ready for consumption, and, in the case of large poultry farms, we may add, the highest interest possible on the invested capital.

And in a more elevated, more humanitarian domain we believe that an establishment conducted on strictly commercial lines will also be educative, that it will open up new horizons, that it will create new needs, new branches of activity; that it will, therefore, provide employment which does not call for great strength or energy, but demands only care and minuteness in detail. It will then afford a most providential field of activity for poor cripples, victims of this cruel war; it will create a new life and contribute to social well-being by raising up new centres of population in deserted spots; it will also contribute to the national funds, and it will help England to be self-sufficing by producing her own eggs and birds for her own consumption. This in every country is of the greatest importance.

"WARBELYNGE IN THE VALE."



IN HIS GROVE.

IT will be of great interest to notice whether the nightingale this year abides in such old haunts in France, Belgium and the Carpathians as are being ravaged by shell-fire. For where the bullet is singing to-day it sang twelve months ago. Ronsard, like our own Richard Barnsfield, knew that the bird liked the hawthorn:

She, poor bird, as all forlorn
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn
And there sang the dolefull'st ditty
That to hear it was good pity.

Not that the great French poet was among those who thought Philomela's song "most musical, most melancholy." Addressing a hawthorn, he says:

Le gentil rossignolet,
Nouvelet,
Avecques sa bien-aimée,
Pour ses amours alléger
Vient loger
Tous les ans en ta ramée.

But will the nightingale forsake her haunts? (We say "her" in company with the older poets.) In our "Correspondence" columns will be found some interesting extracts

from a letter to Mr. Bryden from his son and from a soldier's letter sent by Mr. Horace Hutchinson, in which the writer says that such little birds as the sparrow, the swallow and the yellow-hammer go about the affairs natural to the breeding season, singing, courting, building nests, and so on, indifferent to the deadly missiles and the explosions that make the soldiers crouch in their trench. The nightingale, like the swallow, has a well defined notion of home. It seems mentally concentrated not on returning merely to a county, but to the very coppice, thicket or hedgerow with which it was familiar. Like its near relative the robin, it possesses a bold, confident spirit, and possibly, therefore, may choose to return to the old home, though it is easily imaginable that the undergrowth in which it delights may be subject to such a bombardment as will make staying there impossible. Where it loves to nest is also where a gun can be concealed. A grove is at any moment liable to be swept by the powerful engines of modern warfare.

Poets are not as a rule very exact in their natural history. One of our latest exponents of style, Mr. Sturge Moore, cites two famous lines of Keats:

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down.



One of the three to which he bids us hearken says of this, "Which is as untrue a statement about nightingales as any may need hope to make." Another characterises it as "a delicious lie." So it is if you take it literally. The nightingales are no more immortal than the leaves of a tree which burgeon and open their tender green to the May sun, whisper and flutter in long summer days and nights, and after colouring to the early frosts, at length fall as winter comes, and after being driven and tossed about by the winter

But to listen to it at night, and night with its silence, its stars, its silent, hazy woods, stills the mind to a solemn quiet not far removed from sadness. Thus it was not unnatural for an elder poet to interpret the song in these terms :

Fie, fie, fie ! now would she cry ;
Tereu, tereu, by and by :
That to hear her so complain
Scare I could from tears refrain ;
For her griefs so lively shown
Made me think upon my own.

If it be so and the hearer invests the bird with his own thought and emotion, they can hardly be of a gay or merry character this year. So many things have passed since the nightingale was with us. So many voices have been stilled for ever that, when we last heard the birds singing, rang full of joyous life. But this is not a line of thought to be pursued. Far better is it to look at the reality and recognise that in



J. H. Symonds.

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"HER LITTLE INSTRUMENTALL THROAT."

winds, rot into the earth to which they return. Yet young eyes shall delight in the unfolding next year as young eyes have done in the past, and so Itylus goes on singing immortally his immortal song :

I the nightingale all spring through,
O swallow, sister, O changing swallow,
All spring through till the spring be done,
Clothed with the light of the night on the dew,
Sing, while the hours and the wild birds follow,
Take flight and follow and find the sun.

It is part of the "pathetic fallacy" spoken of by John Ruskin that the human intelligence seeks to find in the nightingale's song, as in the voice of the wind or the "long withdrawing roar" of the tide, the emotion by which itself is moved. But the surroundings under which the bird usually is heard may excuse a belief in its pensiveness. It sings day and night. Cowper made no mistake when he wrote :

A nightingale that all day long
Had cheered the village with its song.



J. H. Symonds.

PROVIDING DINNER.

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nature the predominant attitude is that of indifference. The nightingale addressing his mate does so precisely as John Milton described in his sonnet :

O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,

Portend success in love ; O if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh ;



J. H. Symonds "UP-TILL A THORN." Copyright.

As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why :
Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

Milton lived before we began to analyse and lay down rules, but he had the great instinct that kept him right. The indifference is to us, but not to the objects of the minstrel :

How thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves !
Again—thou hearest ?
Eternal Passion !
Eternal Pain !

Matthew Arnold is here stressing like a golfer who lets himself be moved out of his natural ease by the adversary's success, and, putting in all his strength, hits the ball wrongly. How much more effective is it to be simple :

The moon like a rick on fire was rising over the vale,
And whit, whit, whit, in the bush beside me chirrup the nightingale.
How fine and pictorial ! One likes Tennyson far better in that vein than in the scented, jewelled cleverness of "Aylmer's Field" :



CHIRRUPT THE NIGHTINGALE.

Where a passion yet unborn perhaps
Lay hidden as the music of the moon
Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale.

Beautiful, were it not just a little far-fetched and precious. It sends us back to good old Izaak Walton, who tells us in "The Compleat Angler" the nightingale "breaths such sweet lowd musick out of her little instrumentall throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased."

Indeed, we must go back to the simple old "Makers" for the best description of the bird "whose happy noble heart no dole can daunt." Listen to Sir John Davies :

Every night from even to morn
Love's Chorister amid the thorn
Is now so sweet a singer ;
So sweet, as for her song I scorn
Apollo's voice, and finger.



J. H. Symonds. A PRIZE FOR THE CHILDREN. Copyright.

And then to Sir Philip Sidney :

The Nightingale, as soon as April bringeth
Unto her rested sense a perfect waking,
While late-bare Earth, proud of new clothing, springeth,
Sings out her woes, a thorn her song-book making :
And mournfully bewailing,
Her throat in tunes expresseth
What grief her breast oppreseth,
For Tereus' force on her chaste will prevailing.
*O Philomela fair, O take some gladness
That here is juster cause of plaintful sadness !
Thine earh now springs, mine fadeth ;
Thy thorn without, my thorn my heart invadeth.*

For, after all, it is one of the simplest, as it is one of the sweetest, pleasures of the country to list to the nightingale



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EVEN A POET—!

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"warbelynge in the vale." It is a pleasure of clear, cold spring evenings when Winter is still surly in his retreat and luscious Summer is afar off. The early flowers, cold in the purity of their colour, are still with us. On the bank "Those veiled nuns, meek violets," and beside them "the rathe primrose that dies unmarried." On the meadow, cowslips just breaking into flower. Above them the wild cherry, or gean, not yet fully prepared to don its white flowered springtide gown. Over all blows an English wind of the spring, not hulling to forgetfulness and sleep, but sharp and keen. A benigner, a more pellucid air is to follow, but early May, as the nightingale finds it on arrival, is not the heaven-on-earth described by the poets. Only the greening grass, a smell sent forth from the land, a promise in the air, incline us to hear with



AH, HOW HUNGRY.

hope and cheerfulness the first melody which on arrival Philomela blows to the chilly air.



J. H. Symonds

MORE, MORE !

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THE LAND IN WAR TIME.—II.

BY SIR HOWARD FRANK.

I AM often asked what the effect of the war on land and agriculture will be after the declaration of peace. My reply is that in my opinion the land will not suffer, but the landlords may need our sympathy unless we profit by the experience of the last few years.

It is common knowledge that for the moment some farmers, especially those who had not cleared their rick yards, are doing well; dairymen, however, in some districts are probably losing money, and owing to the exceptional weather in certain counties this season's wheat crop may not be above the average. When the war is over, I hope and believe farmers will continue to prosper. The importance of cereal crops has been emphasised to a striking degree by the war, but when peace comes people will soon drift back into old ways as if nothing had happened, and, unless there is some special inducement to do otherwise, the farmer will again grow what best suits his own purpose.

It takes a good deal to move the British farmer of the old-fashioned type. He is very conservative, slow to make a change of any kind, prejudiced against new ideas, and happy to jog along in his accustomed way, profiting by his past experience certainly, but a little indifferent to the knowledge he might gain from a more careful study of science as applied to agriculture. At the same time he is keen and open minded enough when it can be brought home to him that he could make a better profit by some new method of cultivation. Therefore, in considering the future of the land, the temperament of the British farmer is an element which must not be lost sight of.

The first consideration with him is the item of cost. The labour question is mainly to the fore just now. In many districts the farm labourer has been badly paid in the past, though his wages just lately have risen considerably from natural causes as well as owing to the war. For months past there has been an agitation for an increase in the wage of farm hands generally, and I do not think anyone can deny that wages should be increased where the men are worth more money; but it must not be forgotten that there are plenty of men now working on farms who are slow, inefficient and devoid of initiative, and they probably receive all they are worth. The policy of paying the same wage to good and bad servants is the real cause of much of the trouble.

Unfortunately, this question has more or less slipped into the rut of party politics. The two classes of people who talk most about the farm labourer's wage are the well paid agitators and the politicians who aim at turning the question to "party" account, and, judging by some of their speeches, it is difficult to decide which is the more ignorant or more mischievous.

The farmer who cultivates his land properly can generally afford to pay his men better wages than they were receiving until within recent years. Therefore the wage question must be fairly and generously faced.

I now turn to the agricultural landlord, who, during the last few years, has been freely abused. Yet I think he deserves a good deal of sympathy. I have some experience of landowners, and I know of no class of man more entitled to the respect of the public. There are, of course, exceptions; there are black sheep in every fold, but a bad agricultural landlord is a *rara avis*. Indeed, I believe that many who in recent years have abused them would now be willing to acknowledge the good they have done.

What is the position to-day of the agricultural landlords? They are upbraided for not rebuilding cottages, for which they receive little or no rent and pay heavy rates and taxes. Their estates are often heavily mortgaged, and their income from rents is, in many cases, only sufficient to pay the mortgage interest; they have no other means, and in order to carry out necessary repairs and erect cottages they have to borrow. The obvious remark is that they had much better dispose of their estates rather than endeavour to keep them in the hope of deferring the evil day and in the meantime allow the buildings to deteriorate further.

From a practical point of view this seems an intelligent suggestion, but there are other considerations. I could mention dozens of cases where the owners of big properties are, comparatively speaking, poor men, enjoying the respect of everyone on their estates. These people do not want the owner to sell. The property has very probably been in the one family for generations; the tenants and all connected with them cling to the old associations, with the result that tenants and landlord hold together as long as they possibly can. This is doubtless sentiment, but surely of the right kind, and I think that such goodwill should be encouraged. It is undeniable that village life is much happier where it exists; but it is obvious that from other points of view a change may be necessary, and it cannot be in the interests of the country for estates to be owned by men who are unable to maintain them.

As regards the rent question, I cannot recall to mind a single case in which a landlord has increased rents during the war, although many tenants could probably afford to pay more. After the conclusion of peace the tithe, which is now payable

by the landlord, will be further raised owing to the price of corn. Rating, income tax and super-tax will be upon a higher basis, and must fall heavily on the landlord, as it is difficult to secure full deductions from the income derived from agricultural estates in the same way as the commercial or professional man does with his balance-sheet. Mortgagors will be charged increased rates of interest, and although the value of agricultural land will, I think, appreciate after the war, there may be difficulty for some years in realisation. Money will assuredly be in great demand, and the drain on our financial resources so severe, that few will be willing to lend money at the old rates on mortgage when other lucrative investments can so easily be obtained.

Again, it must be remembered that some time must elapse before country house life can again be in full swing. Hunting has suffered a rude check; the rearing of game has been discouraged, and the burdens of the landlords are so heavy that only the rich will be able to afford to live at their country seats. Many owners will be obliged to let down their gardens, while stables will be practically closed; and owners who may be forced to sell their estates will have to do so in lots, as buyers of large properties, as a whole, are not numerous.

The question is, how to improve matters in the future. On this head I beg to offer a few suggestions:

(1) Give legislation a rest as between landlord, tenant and labourer. Let them work out their own salvation. The agricultural labourer is by no means pleased with the agitator. All three classes are capable of taking care of themselves, and although they may differ at times, nearly all their disputes would be amicably settled in the end. Acts upon Acts have been passed dealing with agriculture and land, often overlapping each other, some sections of which the most able lawyers and surveyors in the land cannot now construe or understand.

(2) Abolish Increment Duty and Undeveloped Land Duty. Partly owing to the war, it will be difficult for some time to persuade people to build, and meanwhile Undeveloped Land Duty is being charged, together with arrears, since 1909 on prices at which land could not possibly be sold. As a matter of fact, in the great majority of cases owners would only be too pleased to sell for much less if they had the opportunity. The income derivable from these two sources will barely cover the annual cost of assessment and collection.

(3) The Government should encourage new sources of revenue from land, such as the cultivation of sugar beet, fruit and vegetables on practical lines, so as to render us less dependent upon foreign countries.

(4) Tithe and corn rents should be redeemed on easy terms, in fairness both to those who receive and those who pay them.

(5) Agricultural co-operation and credit banks should be strongly encouraged and facilities afforded for building necessary cottages.

(6) A company should be formed upon sound business lines to buy the most up-to-date agricultural machinery (motor ploughs, for example) in order to loan the same to farmers, sending experienced men to supervise the work until the farm hands are accustomed to it. I am convinced it could be made remunerative, and would prove of the greatest benefit toward the better cultivation of land.

(7) There may be a certain area of land out of cultivation which could be reclaimed and profitably farmed, although I am not aware there is anything approaching the extent of which some politicians talk. The majority of landlords having a considerable area now used chiefly for sporting purposes would welcome a businesslike scheme showing how they might more profitably employ such land. I should like some of those who talk so glibly about the possibility of reconverting derelict land to fertile uses to show practical confidence in their theories by offering to pay for the restoration of such land to a state of cultivation, accepting as interest the profit shown on the capital employed.

(8) The question of afforestation has been freely discussed before the public for many years; but little has come of the various schemes put forward, partly because of the time new plantations take to mature, being in the meantime expensive in rates and upkeep, and partly because of late years both timber and underwood have sold badly, the latter, owing to the labour question, being in many cases unsuitable. The labourer's wood fuel allowance is also a thing of the past.

(9) The system of entailed estates with the knowledge that in many cases the new owner will not have sufficient means to maintain the property is bad for the country. In this way estates are often allowed to run down, especially when the heir is a nephew or more distant relative. Heavy succession duties still further cripple such unfortunate life tenants. In cases of this kind I consider that it would be far better to sell. If only owners would insure the life of the tenant in tail for the amount of the mortgages and Death Duties it would re-establish many estates on a firm basis upon death; but very few can afford to do this, and when the son does not succeed it would never be

done. The dividing of such estates would in the end be beneficial to the country, but I would far rather see our *best country life encouraged*, and nothing will ever induce me to believe that this is not for the good of the community. The resident owner of a large estate who keeps the village going and takes an interest in the welfare of all his dependants is the best type of landlord, both for the tenant and the country, even if he does resemble the old feudal lord, who, notwithstanding the many disadvantages of the system, played an important rôle in our history.

The breeding of horses in Great Britain for army purposes should receive far greater encouragement from the Government than has been the case hitherto, and any scheme should aim at assisting *farmers* to breed what is necessary.

The experience of the last two years has taught us many practical lessons, and if we profit thereby I have no misgivings as to the future.

Land is surely one of the most important and most interesting investments a man can have. It is absurd to compare it with stocks and shares, and most of those who have invested largely in so-called gilt-edged securities during the last few years would have been better off to-day had they put their money into the soil of Old England.

The ownership of land certainly carries with it responsibilities, but to intelligent and patriotic people they are a privilege and a pleasure. I can think of a very large number of estates where practically everybody living thereon has been happy and contented even in spite of low wages, the reason being that they are so well looked after by the owner and his agents that, even if the labourers' actual wages are small, they at any rate receive the equivalent of about £1 a week. Provided the owner has sufficient means to properly maintain his estate, it is a calamity to break it up. For the sake of small holdings it is seldom necessary, nor for any other public reason of which I am cognisant.

I have in mind the case of one property of 8,000 acres where the owner rebuilt the village, made a cricket ground and even

laid down tennis courts for the tenants, gave everybody upon the estate the free enjoyment of his park on Saturdays and Sundays, reserved three days' shooting for the tenants every year, maintained the village institute, a working men's club with billiard room, etc., and kept the whole place going, taking a benevolent interest in all his people. This is only one of many estates where a similar system prevails. Unfortunately, during the last few years many owners, owing to the increased burdens on land, have been obliged to let their homes or to leave them empty, with results far from beneficial to village life and the tenants of all classes.

The labourer, whether on the land or in towns, should receive a full economic wage, and be enabled to keep a healthy home and bring up his children decently; but it is a mistake to suppose farm labourers can be dealt with in the same way as factory hands and skilled mechanics. Their habits are different, the systems under which they work are totally dissimilar, and what would apply to one class would be quite inapplicable to the other.

Obviously, heavy taxation will result from the war, but I do not believe that any fresh burdens beyond an increase in income tax will be placed on agricultural land. No class of the community has served with more self-sacrifice or distinction in the war than the landowners, and the power of the political agitator to depreciate their influence in the affairs of the nation has, for our time at any rate, disappeared.

There has existed for some years a want of confidence on the part of those who owned or were inclined to buy land. I think it will be otherwise when peace is established, and I firmly believe that when that happy day dawns landowners will be able to consider the future with equanimity, safe in the possession of what was formerly regarded as the first of all gilt-edged investments, and secure in devoting all their energies to the intelligent management of their estates, to the advantage of the State and the community.

IN THE GARDEN.

EVERGREEN SHRUBS: THE HEATH FAMILY.

By W. J. BEAN.

GARDENS situated on a limestone formation are under a severe handicap in the matter of evergreens, for they are deprived of the majority of the species that belong to the great Heath family. This group includes some of the finest of flowering evergreens, as is shown by the enumeration of such genera as *Arbutus*, *Rhododendron*, *Erica*, *Pieris* and *Kalmia*.

Yet it is not all of them that are unfitted for calcareous localities. The Strawberry Tree, *Arbutus Unedo*, for instance, I have seen wild on some of the Dalmatian islands, forming dense thickets, and nearer home it is, I believe, to be found on limestone formations in the south-west of Ireland. *Rhododendron hirsutum*, one of the *Roses des Alpes*, is invariably found on similar soil, and no doubt the hybrids between it and *R. ferrugineum* are capable also of thriving under the same conditions. Another Alpine shrub, and one of singular beauty—*Rhodothamnus Chamaecistus*—is always found wild where lime is present. One of the



E. J. Wallis.

THE FREE HEATH (*ERICA ARBOREA*).

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most interesting items of information in regard to this question is from Mr. James Smith of the Darley Dale Nurseries, Matlock, who says that Cunningham's White Rhododendron succeeds well on limestone. This variety would be a valuable acquisition to many gardens, for, next to *R. ponticum*, it is, perhaps, the most vigorous of Rhododendrons. Of Heaths that may be relied on for calcareous ground, there are *Erica carnea* and its varieties, *mediterranea*, *darleyensis* (*mediterranea hybrida*) and *stricta*.

According to the accounts of collectors, some fine Rhododendrons have been found in Western China growing on limestone. This is good news if it be true, but I do not know if the plants have been found with their roots absolutely in contact with the limestone. It is possible for the smaller members of the *Erica* family to live on a stratum of humus overlying chalk, if it be of sufficient thickness. In the New Forest I have noticed Heaths growing luxuriantly in black earth a foot thick at the edge of a chalk pit. Perhaps no shrub is more typically averse to lime than the common Ling or Heather, *Calluna vulgaris*. Yet one may find patches of it on such a thoroughly chalky spot as Beachy Head, but doubtless only where there is a top layer of soil sufficient in thickness to accommodate its root system uncontaminated by the underlying chalk.

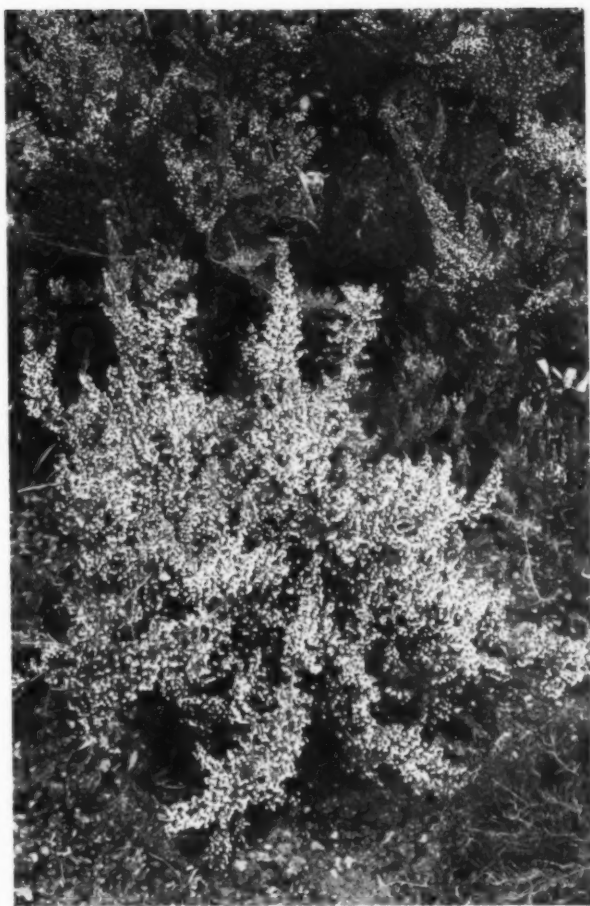
The whole question of the adaptability of members of the *Ericaceæ* to limestone districts seems deserving of further experiment. There is, of course, a considerable variety of calcareous soils, some of which dissolve or disintegrate more readily than others. Personally, I have never had to do gardening on a soil of this nature, and information would be welcome from those who have. But while a considerable group of these evergreens will thrive in lime, it is not, I believe, a necessity for a single one of them. They will all succeed on a naturally peaty soil, and all except some delicate ones almost equally well in a sandy loam free from lime. A moderate addition of peat to a soil of the latter kind is often an advantage, but the formation of beds composed entirely of peat, involving the digging out and carting away of the natural soil, is nearly always an unnecessary and often a serious expense. Some kinds of peat made into beds 1ft. or 18in. thick decay and settle down into a sour, heavy mass, in which neither *Ericaceæ* nor scarcely anything else will thrive. Probably nothing is better for bringing soil into good condition for this group of trees and shrubs than a liberal addition of decayed leaves to the soil.

The noblest of all the family is the Madroño of California, *Arbutus Menziesii*, a tree found occasionally roof-top high. It has a remarkable trunk, clean and smooth, like terra-cotta, and of a fine cinnamon hue, characteristics which extend also to the larger limbs. It is the tree apostrophised by Bret Harte in the verses beginning:

Captain of the Western wood,
Thou thatapest Robin Hood,
Green above thy scarlet hose
How thy velvet mantle shows.

This is in allusion to the outlaw's traditional red hose and doublet of Lincoln green, although, if one may judge from cultivated trees, there is some poetic licence in calling its trunk "scarlet." Unfortunately, this tree, hardy and beautiful as it is, has been but little planted. The one drawback to its cultivation, and one perhaps that explains its scarcity, is its dislike to disturbance at the root. It must be given its permanent place early. It flowers at the present season, exactly the opposite of *A. Unedo*, the Strawberry Tree, which develops its blossoms in October and November.

So far as flower and general importance in gardens are concerned, the Rhododendrons stand first. This remarkable genus, so largely augmented in recent years by new Chinese species, is nowhere in the world represented in such variety and quantity as in our own islands. To English amateurs and nurserymen almost exclusively are we indebted for the magnificent hybrids which during May and early June give such



E. J. Wallis.

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ERICA VEITCHII, A TALL GRACEFUL HEATH WITH WHITE FLOWERS.

glowing and unrivalled displays of colour. The Himalayan species—more tender as a whole and flowering a month or six weeks earlier—have long been the predominant feature of many Cornish gardens.

The hardy species of Heath or *Erica* are being planted much more extensively now than they were twenty years ago. It has been said with perfect truth that there is not one month in the year when the Heath garden does not provide flower. From November to April we have *E. darleyensis* (*mediterranea hybrida*); from January onwards we have *carnea* and its varieties, followed by *lusitanica*, *arborea*, *Veitchii*, *mediterranea* and *australis*, which carry on from February to June. At this season the sequence is taken up by the species that flower on the shoots of the current season, such as *cinerea*, *stricta*, *ciliaris*, *mawcana*, *Tetralix* and *vagans*, the last four of which, flowering until October, complete the cycle.

There are three very beautiful white-flowered species of *Pieris*: *floribunda*, from the Eastern United States; *japonica*, from Japan; and *formosa*, from the Himalaya. The last, an evergreen of singular beauty making a bush of 20ft. or more through, is scarcely so hardy as the other two, which ought to be found a place in every garden where they can be grown. These three shrubs are often known as "Andromeda," a name still given also to other evergreens of the Heath family like *Cassandra*, *Cassiope* and *Leucothoe*. *Leucothoe Catesbaei* is a fine shrub sometimes 5ft. or 6ft. high, with long, leathery leaves and crowds of white flowers borne on the under side of the branches. The true *Andromeda* is *A. polifolia*, a bog-loving evergreen shrub occasionally wild in Britain, with pink flowers.

Kalmia latifolia, one of the finest of all flowering evergreens, bears fine trusses of pale to deep rosy flowers, and fills the same place in some of the cold New England gardens that hybrid Rhododendrons do here. I have seen it growing wild on grassy slopes on the New Hampshire hills, in company with Junipers, which as a rule are found on chalky soil, but I do not know whether any success with the *Kalmia* on such a soil has been obtained here. *K. glauca*, very charming with its clusters of saucer-shaped, rosy purple flowers, and *K. angustifolia*, with flowers of a redder shade, are much dwarfer than *latifolia* and well worth growing. There are also *Ledum latifolium* (white), *Daboecia polifolia* (purple) and the various species of *Phyllodoce*, dainty evergreens with pink or purplish flowers, to be recommended.

COLOUR IN THE ROCK GARDEN.—II.

By A. CLUTTON BROCK.

SOME of the chance contrasts of colour that no one would plan beforehand are the happiest, and when they happen, one can only be thankful and make a note of them. The Alpine Clematis (*Atragene alpina*) grows best among evergreen shrubs. In the Alps one sees it among the Alpenroses, but in England it is usually out of flower before they blossom. It does blossom at the same time, however, as *Daphne fioniana*, and peeping through its branches, makes a most beautiful contrast with it, both of form and of colour. Both these plants also do well on the north side, and they are well fitted in every respect to grow together. Another plant that looks well with the *Daphne* is *Saxifraga pedemontana*, or any other white Mossy Saxifrage, flowering at the same time. On the north side also *Silene alpestris* contrasts well with *Campanula muralis*, and the two Saxifrages, *Saxifraga aizoon rosea* and *S. aizoon lutea*, look their best together. In the South of England, at least, these two varieties always do best on the north side. In full sun they are apt to burn up in a hot summer, and to flower poorly in any season. One grows all the *Aizoon Saxifrages* for their leaves almost as much as for their flowers. They look well at all seasons, and great tufts of them are as useful as shrubs in acting as a foil to brighter coloured flowers. One should always grow them in masses, and allow these masses to grow as large as possible. They look

their best on bold, steep rockwork, contrasted with other distinctively rock plants, such as *Lychnis Lagascae* or *Dianthus neglectus* or *Campanula Raineri*, and they can be separated from these by stones, so that they will not overgrow them. One always needs some more sturdy, yet not invasive, plant to grow among the smaller and more delicate Alpines, and to act as a foil to them both in colour and in form; and there is nothing better for this purpose than the *Aizoon Saxifrage*, especially the smaller of them, such as *S. cochlearis*, *S. cochlearis minor*, or *S. La Graveana*. Equally good is *Sempervivum arachnoideum* and its varieties, which also looks well all the year through and will thrive on any ledge of rock, provided it is in full sun. If a small shrub is to be grown among these little beauties, choose *Juniperus hibernicus nana*, and place it in front of a bold rock. But where the smaller high Alpines are grown, put no large plant or shrub near them, for if it does not overgrow them or rob their soil with its roots, it will spoil their delicate beauty, both of colour and of form. Indeed, in the rock garden more than elsewhere one cannot think of colour and form separately. Delicacy of one goes with delicacy of the other, and contrasts of colour are infinitely heightened by contrasts of form.

Campanula pulla is an Alpine of delicate beauty and yet invasive. It does best on the north side, and can be grown with *Dianthus alpinus*, which also likes a cool place, if it is prevented by stones from overrunning it. People often fail with *Dianthus alpinus*, either because they plant it in too hot a place or because they do not give it room enough to spread in. Grown in a flat pocket and in a compost of limestone chips, silver sand and leaf-mould with a very little earth, it will spread into large patches; but the drainage must be sharp. *D. callizonus* likes the same treatment, except that it seems not to be a limestone plant; and it also may be combined with *Campanula pulla* with the same precautions against invasion.

One of the best of the later flowering *Campanulas* is the hybrid *C. Stansfieldii*. This may be grown with *Hypericum reptans*, as they flower at the same time, and their contrast of purple and gold is very beautiful. *Hypericum reptans* dislikes drought, and does best in a soil rich with leaf-mould. It spreads into great mats, and the *Campanula* will grow through it without suffering. *Hypericum reptans* can be easily increased by pegging down the shoots, and is the better for moving every three years or so.

For a hot, sunny limestone bank, *Lithospermum graminifolium* combines well with *Geranium argenteum*, making a fine contrast, both of flowers and of leafage. The *Geranium* likes as narrow a fissure in the rocks as possible. The *Lithospermum* needs a wider pocket, with plenty of leaf-mould. If it is top-dressed with leaf-mould every spring, it will grow into a large patch, and can be easily increased by layering. Both are easy, at least in the South of England, but the *Geranium* is often destroyed by slugs, which eat off the crown. Another contrast for bold, sunny rockwork is *Onosma echinoides* (or *tauricum*) with *Æthionema grandiflorum*; but plenty of space must be left between them, as the *Onosma* grows very rapidly. The two in flower together, and in large masses at the top of a big piece of rockwork, make a most glittering, and yet harmonious, splendour; but they must be kept well away from any small Alpines, and may be separated from some other contrast by a prostrate *Juniper* below them, which will oppose a patch of darkness to their light.

Daphne Cneorum, perhaps the finest of all flowering shrubs for the rock garden, needs careful placing if it is to look its best. It thrives best low down on the south side of the rock garden and in a soil rich in leaf-mould. It also likes lime, and when the shoots grow long they should be layered. I myself prefer it without any contrast of flowering plants close to it, unless it be a white Mossy Saxifrage, but it looks well close to the fresh, brilliant green of a dwarf Fir. The two together give one the very essence of spring on the mountains.

For a contrast of very easy plants on the north side or in any rough place, there is nothing better than *Campanula pumila*, especially the variety *Miss Willmott*, with *Sedum album*. They should be planted in broad masses and kept separate from each other with stones, as the *Sedum* is a terrible weed; but it is worth growing for that one contrast, as beautiful as any that can be contrived with the most difficult plants. Another, equally easy, is *Viola gracilis* with *Sedum glaucum*, and this may be placed in any flat place in full sun on the outskirts of the rock garden. Another is *Saponaria ocymoides* with *Arenaria montana* for an open place, either on the north or the south side; and yet another is *Alyssum saxatile sulphureum* with *Iris pumila caerulea*. This last is exquisite, but its beauty lasts only a short time, and it is suitable for some space leading from the rock garden rather than for the rock garden itself.

A LONDON TUBE RAILWAY.

On the dusk of the road flushes, swarthy, red of the Underground's door.
Slant subways are filled with a hissing of footsteps that chafe on the floor.
In a glow the lifts of knit steel, through the Earth men have tamed, to its core
Flutter down with a swiftness of bats, or with vigour of eagles upsoar.

We are plunged to the well of the shaft. Lapsing downward our flexed limbs fail.
With a souging the lift plumbs the pit; then its whimper and puling wail
Are suppressed to a moan as if, sighing, the spirit who bore us had died.
Past the gates that recoil in our cage yellow corridors glint and divide.

Through the intricate aisles bears a breeze. Chequered glaze and pendants of light
Chart with hieroglyphic hues these glistening courts of the night.
Nether gauds of the realm of faery that in childhood our passions allured
Blaze out on our youth that is dead like the triumph of dreams we abjured.

Bedded grey in a crypt lies the station. Its flanks, gently caving, aglow
As with frescoes, are bright beneath arcs hung like mimic moons in a row.
Along flumes, into vents of the cylinder, glossy the live metals crawl
Where the platform and tapering track converge on the arch of bare wall.

Dull volleyings strike the vault. I look through the telescope
Of the zoned gloom's echoing void. In the curve of the tunnel, fires grop:
Like a goaded Minotaur's eyes; and the train with iron-pent speed
Issues louder than hoofs of a herd over flints of a glen, in stampede.

Chants a voice. With a shuddering halt the luminous bulk pants at bay.
In and out dart the throngs; clash the gates. Scarce the chariots, pulsing, stay
Ere they burrow again into night. Through a boring steel-ringed, in a groove
Running cramped as the rift in the metal of ironclads' vitals, we move.

Like a vessel in storm whose keel grates shattering over a rock
Rend harshly beneath us the cars with rumbling precipitate shock.
As a din when a gale rakes the prow, threshes rigging and whines at the mast,
Roarings and crashings beat round us. Like a bolt the thick hollows we blast.

Grained walls glide past rough and blurred like a cloven chasm of sea;
There are gleams like the gold of sunk ingots, a grot where the sun glitters free.
With the stations our gloom is begemmed as the ocean by ores in her bed. . . .
Like divers we mount, and the day in aroma around us is shed.

OSWALD H. DAVIS.

HOME DEFENCE.

PEOPLE are gradually becoming accustomed to the Volunteers. All through the winter there were to be seen squads of more or less elderly gentlemen, on week days sober-suited and but just freed from their offices, at



A UNITED ARTS RIFLEMAN AS SENTRY.

the weekends in knickerbockers or old flannels, vigorously acquiring the rudiments of drill. But in the midst of so many real soldiers, bent on more serious and immediate business, they passed, naturally enough, comparatively unnoticed. To-day the Volunteer is beginning to cut a more picturesque and notable figure. He is to be seen attired in his uniform of greyish green, or in some cases in actual khaki, with grey-green shoulder straps, his left arm encircled by a band of vivid scarlet. He steps coyly out of his front door with a

mingling of pride and self-consciousness, a little afraid lest he be thought to be apeing his youngers and betters, and so pretending to do more than his very modest bit.

With this blossoming into gayer and more uniform hues the fact of the Volunteer is bursting upon the general public, and, from the point of statistics at least, it is rather a stupendous fact. It must not be thought that the Volunteer believes himself of more value than he is. That he most certainly does not, but he is, at any rate, one of some 400,000 men, recognised by, and affiliated to, the C.A.V.T.C., which is the central Volunteer body. Moreover, the number is always growing, the affiliations go on steadily at the rate of 4,000 or 5,000 a week, and how many more thousands there are training to the best of their ability and hoping to be affiliated it is impossible to say.

The possibilities of invasion and the uses, in that event, of the Volunteers is too big and too difficult a subject for the civilian. What the Volunteers are more immediately thinking about is the chance of their performing some humble services that may set free those who are more valuable. They are being asked certain questions as to what they are willing to do, and they hope that the upshot will be that they may do some such work as patrolling and the guarding of public property. That, they feel, would be something real, and really to help is what they want. Meanwhile it may be seen from the illustrations how they are trying to prepare themselves. The pictures show the United Arts Rifles, who now constitute the 1st Battalion of the Central London Volunteer Regiment. To the public eye they would probably be more familiar, not in their new uniforms, but in the white sweaters in which they used so often to be seen drilling in the Green Park or the courtyard of Burlington House. They were one of the earliest, as they have been one of the most energetic of these corps. They are also, of course, one of the luckiest, in having the means to equip themselves and the opportunity of getting much admirable instruction. That is a fact worth emphasising, because it is fully appreciated by such corps as the United Arts, the National Guard, the Old Boys' Corps and so on. There are innumerable other corps all over the country, made up of poorer men with less time, perhaps, at their disposal, who are fired with a keenness impossible to exceed, and lack nothing but some of the opportunities.



H. W. Nicholls.

THE PLACE FOR A TRENCH.

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Certainly the United Arts are lucky in the spot to which they go for the weekend's training. This is near Churt, in the delightful country of Farnham and Hindhead, on the estate of Mr. Hook, who is an officer of the Corps. Here they are generously allowed to work their will in the matter of digging trenches, as may be seen from the photograph, and they have worked very hard at the art of making those trenches invisible, as to which Dr. Mackenzie and his critics have recently enlivened the "Correspondence" columns of COUNTRY LIFE. A convenient stream has afforded the chance of learning bridge-building, and they have cut down much of the wood for the making of it with their own hands. This last gives the touch of the real thing which the Volunteer's heart modestly yearns for, and the bridge is clearly a very real bridge, for it is seen bearing the weight of real, solid artists, headed by the Commandant, Major Gordon Casserley, to whose enthusiasm the Corps owes so much. Another picture shows Major Casserley examining maps with the members of the Motor Section, who have probably been sent out on a scouting expedition to discover the lie of the land before a battle.

There is a range at Silverbeck, too, where the men can do their shooting, so that altogether there are the materials for some fine hard days' work, and when the United Artists sink to repose in haylofts and barns, they may surely feel that they have earned it. Later on they are going to sleep under canvas, and it is under canvas that they now eat their meals, save for the officers' mess, which has the advantage of an old, disused kitchen. The picture of it may incidentally remind members of the Old Boys Corps of the long room wherein they eat their Sunday dinner at Wembley, flanked on either side by the derelict railway carriages that serve the hardy week-enders as bedrooms.

This article is not in any way a technical or comprehensive dissertation on volunteering. The present writer has neither the desire nor the ability to write one. Neither is it perhaps becoming to speak at length of really admirable keenness and unselfishness of the officers, who have given up every available moment of their time to learning, as far as may be, their new business; nor of the splendid spirit of the older men among the rank and file,



BRIDGE BUILDING.



H. W. Nicholls. CROSSING A BRIDGE OF THEIR OWN CONSTRUCTION.

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men in the fifties—and sixties, too—who have buckled to like Trojans. There is one lighter aspect of volunteering, however, and a very pleasant one, on which something ought to be said, namely, its friendly and companionable nature and the surprising renewal of youth that it produces. There must be thousands of middle-aged men who not only feel harder and better in health than they have done for a long time from the exercise, but also feel by many years younger in spirits. To join a Volunteer corps is rather like going to school again. In the first place, there is the necessity of doing what you are told, and told sometimes in quite peremptory language by somebody as to whom you can see no particular grounds for thinking that he is better than you are. That is not always an easy lesson to re-learn after a long interval, and an officer who is going to get good work and good discipline out of his men must combine with firmness the power of judiciously tempering the wind to the shorn lamb. With the best intentions misunderstandings are conceivable, and that officers and men have so much mutual respect and liking for one another redounds to the credit of both parties.

It is not merely the habit of obedience that makes the stout and perspiring Volunteer become, as the poet sings, "a boy again." He does not disdain the joke that is mildly practical, invents opprobrious nicknames for other members of his platoon, and suffers the like indignity in his own case with a smiling countenance. When the war ends—if it be not rash to speak of it without touching to avert the evil chance—there will be many men who will have some pleasant memories among all their more sombre ones. They will remember the swing and lilt of a route march on a fine day, the jolliness of lunching out of doors, even perhaps the uneasy slumber in a hayloft, and in particular many friendships made by volunteering that they would have been very sorry to have lost.



AN OUTPOST.



EXAMINING MAPS.



H. W. Nicholls.

THE OFFICERS' MESS.

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IT is one of the pretty ironies often wrapped up in a name that Admiral Beatty's home should be called Hanover Lodge. There is another Hanover with which Sir David may yet make acquaintance, a pre-Dreadnought battleship, with four 11in. guns, now residing in or near the Kiel Canal, but the promise of their meeting seems small. When Hanover Lodge was built, it was a loyal name enough, for all four Georges were Electors of Hanover as well as Kings of England. It was not until that bane of our school-days, the Salic Law, came once more into operation on the Accession of Queen Victoria, that Hanover ceased to be an appanage of the British Crown. The Duke of Cumberland, brother of George IV and William IV, then became King Ernest I of Hanover, and it is his great grandson who lately married the Kaiser's daughter, and is now in arms against his cousin of England.

Hanover Lodge is part of the great scheme of Regent's Park which the architect Nash began to carry out for George IV when he was the Prince Regent. Much as we may admire the ordered charm of the various terraces which line the Outer Circle from Hanover Terrace at the north-west round to Cumberland Terrace at the north-east, it is difficult to avoid a smile at the extravagant praise which they won

ninety years ago. *Metropolitan Improvements or London in the Nineteenth Century* is the sacred book of Regent's Park and James Elmes (also the first biographer of Wren) its prophet. He would have us believe that Regent's Park "will render the name of GEORGE THE FOURTH as illustrious in the British annals as that of Augustus in those of Rome." That is to put the monarch of many waistcoats fairly high; but there is an aspect of Regent's Park which interests us especially to-day. It was the largest efflorescence of architectural effort in England during the Napoleonic era. Despite the huge burden of debt under which the small population of Britain was staggering, a lightsome feeling followed the approaching dispersal of the nightmare of long wars.

George IV dabbled in architecture, and the old park of the Crown manor of Mary-le-bone gave him his opportunity. Various leases of the land were allowed to expire, and by 1811 the whole property had reverted to the Crown. As early as 1793 the Lords of the Treasury had offered premiums for the best scheme for developing the estate, and the final choice lay between two, "One by John Nash Esq which embraced all those beauties of landscape gardening, which his friend, the late Humphrey Repton, so successfully introduced, with the splendour of architectural decorations, in



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FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



THE DINING-ROOM.

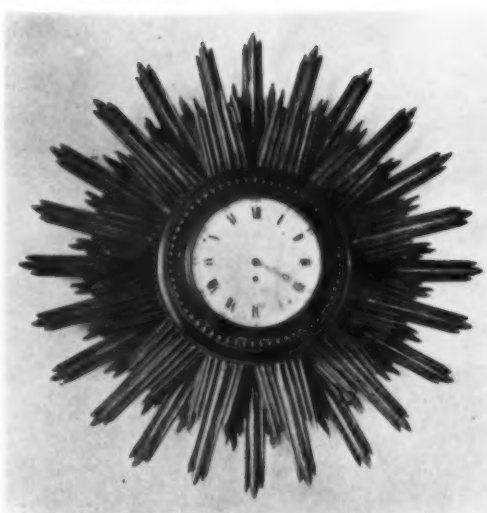
"COUNTRY LIFE."

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detached villas; and the other by Messrs. Leverton and Chawner which was more *urban* and builder-like, than the enchanting *rural* plan which their lordships adopted." Owing, no doubt, to the war, the work was not begun until 1812, when the turning of Russia against Napoleon and the tragedy of Moscow pointed the way to the ultimate relief of Europe from the scourge. Elmes begins his paean of praise by saying that "Augustus made it one of his proudest boasts that he found Rome of brick, and left it of marble." He

might have added that George IV found the mansions of London of stone and left them of stucco. In the early eighteen hundreds red brick was the mark of architectural vulgarity, and as the financial exhaustion of the wars put stone out of the question, Nash fell back upon cement. This might have caused in due time a desolating air of shabbiness, but the wise provision in the Crown leases of rules for periodical and simultaneous repainting gives Regent's Park an air of perennial youth and well-being.

Nash was an interesting personality. There is no evidence that his knowledge of design was large, and there is much to suggest that he had some qualities of the charlatan; but he succeeded just in those things



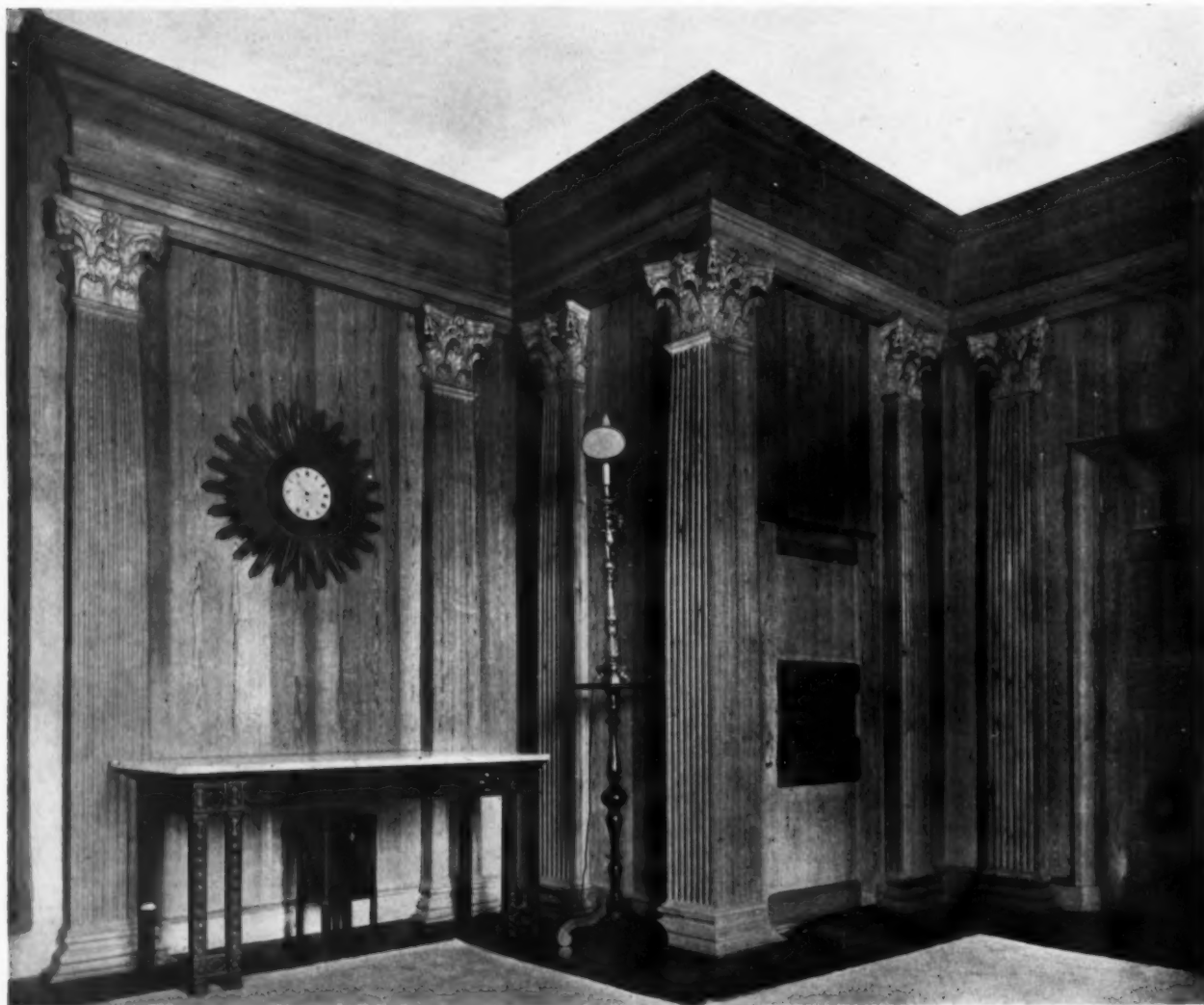
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SUN-RAY CLOCK AND WIND-GAUGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

where success meant everything. He was town-planner more than architect, and he planned on a large and liberal scale. It is obvious that in an undertaking so great—and Regent's Park was only one item in his immense practice—the quality of each individual house or terrace depended largely on the assistant by whom it was carried out. The merits of the various terraces in the Park vary greatly, though all except Munster Terrace were nominally Nash's work. Sussex Place, with what Elmes gently calls its "fanciful cupolas," is so markedly inferior to Hanover Terrace that it is clear someone of especial skill was employed on the design of the latter. Elmes, comparing the two, neatly calls it "more grammatical."



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A CORNER OF THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

It may have been Decimus Burton, who, well before 1831, when Nash retired, had designed "The Holme," west of the Inner Circle, for his father, who was a successful speculative builder.

Burton had achieved the amazing success of winning the first prize in the competition for the Athenæum when he was little more than a boy: save for the new attic storey and area parapet added a few years ago, that famous clubhouse remains as Burton designed it. It is quite likely that he helped Nash with Hanover Terrace, but Elmes says nothing as to that. What is worse, he does not assign Hanover

and Hanover Lodge. This is done as he rests on a seat to "enjoy the passing by of this bevy of fair demoiselles on their prancing jennets, who appear proud of their lovely burthens," with more to the same effect about their "gentle cavaliers." Then he gets to business. "Shall we rise? The next pretty house on the left, beyond Albany Cottage, is Hanover Lodge, the tasteful dwelling of the gallant Colonel Sir Robert Arbuthnot, K.C.B. This modest mansion has greater pretensions to architectural character than its rural neighbour, and its accessories, of course, are in a more sculptural style." Then he goes on to describe the arrangement



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THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Lodge to any architect, and we are left to guess whether it was designed by Nash or Burton or by some other of the many architects who worked in the same manner. He is careful to ascribe Grove House, near by, illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE of March 22nd, 1913, to Burton, and would almost certainly have attached his name to Hanover Lodge if he had designed that also. When Elmes was describing the houses of the Park in the form of a discursive ramble, he dismissed in a few words Albany Cottage (since rebuilt), a very "gothical" cottage ornée, between Hanover Terrace

of the rooms downstairs, the stone staircase to the upper storey, "a bathing room with every accommodation for that healthful luxury, dressing rooms and other requisites for a respectable family."

The gallant Arbuthnot certainly came within the four corners of "respectable." He was the fourth son of John Arbuthnot of Rockfleet, County Mayo, one of three brothers who filled no inconsiderable place in public life during the first half of the nineteenth century. Joining the 23rd Light Dragoons, he first saw active service at the battle of



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THE FIRST FLOOR LANDING.

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THE STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Ballinamuck in the "Ninety-eight." Between Ballinamuck and the Peninsula he fought twice at the Cape of Good Hope and three times in the South American Campaign. During most of the Peninsular War he was on the staff of General Beresford, and few officers took part in so many general actions.

The list of his battle honours is too long to set down here, but his service was so notable that he received the Portuguese Knighthood of the Tower and Sword, and was made a K.C.B. in 1815.

His most brilliant feats, perhaps, were at Albuera. By a blunder an English and a Spanish regiment were exchanging fire, and Arbutnot galloped between them and stopped it without receiving a single wound. Later in the same engagement his quick eye detected a retreating movement by the French, which Marshal Beresford had not noticed, and the fortunes of the battle were turned by the dispositions which were made in consequence. In this as in all else his chief quality was revealed as an unfailing resource. He commanded a division in Bengal as late as 1841.

His next brother, Sir Thomas, was hardly less distinguished, and also received the K.C.B. for his Peninsular service. The Duke of Wellington was a great supporter of the family.

Charles Arbutnot, the eldest brother, had a brilliant career as politician and diplomatist, and in 1804 was Ambassador at Constantinople. He seems to have shared the military judgment of his brothers, and his service in Turkey reminds us of the British attack on the Dardanelles more than a century ago. The Porte was bidden by him to dismiss the French Envoy, General Sebastiani, and refused. When the British admiral sailed into the Straits, Arbutnot was on board, and it is suggested that the success of the enterprise was due to his firmness. Sir Henry Blackwood described him as having been "not only minister, but admiral."

During his later career he was at the head of several Government offices, and some time after the death of his wife he went to live at Apsley House as the confidential friend of the Duke of Wellington, and there he died, not long before the Duke, in 1850. Sir Robert survived him



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THE COMMON ROOM.

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ENGLISH PAGODA CABINET

"C.L."



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ENGLISH LAC CABINET.

"C.L."



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GILT TABLE IN DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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"RESTORATION" ARM CHAIR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

only three years. The latter had a distinguished son in George Arbuthnot, who was private secretary in turn to six Secretaries of the Treasury, and in 1843 served Sir Robert Peel himself in that capacity. A great authority on currency and banking, he was closely associated with Peel in the framing of the Bank Charter of 1844.

There does not seem to be any record as to whether Sir Robert Arbuthnot lived at Hanover Lodge until his death, but he was followed in occupation by a distinguished member of Admiral Beatty's



A BLACK AND GILT CANED CHAIR.

profession, Thomas Cochrane, tenth Earl of Dundonald.

None of the histories of London says how long he was there, but it was probably only a short time. Several London houses are associated with him, and his naval service for various foreign countries, as well as England, gave him little time for domestic life. It is doubtful if the records of the Fleet yield a more picturesque personality. During the Napoleonic wars his resource and daring exceed anything that the writers of boys' books have been able to invent.

The old boasts of our school days about one Englishman being worth three foreigners—morally reprehensible, no doubt, but not ill food for young fire-eaters—were the plain facts of Cochrane's career. He was a tempestuous person in his relations with his brother officers, and not over-burdened with discretion, so a court-martial for disrespect was an early experience. This early inhabitant of Hanover Lodge was a supreme master of cruiser tactics, and his frigate, the

Impérieuse, was a scourge both to the land and sea forces of the enemy. His inventiveness in the matter of munitions of war was considerable, and the "secret war plan" for destroying a whole navy or a fortress at one blow has intrigued the imagination of three generations. Those in authority who knew the secret always admitted its effectiveness, but dismissed it as being too terrible and inhuman.



LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY STOOL.

A mean swindle by one of his officers brought him to grief in 1814. Though innocent, and, indeed, ignorant of the whole matter, he was accused, and most unjustly condemned for complicity in the fraud, sent to prison, deprived of his knighthood of the Bath, and expelled from the House of Commons. It was too good an opportunity for his enemies, who had long winced under the lash of his

enquiries into Admiralty abuses, and though the people of his constituency re-elected him at once he was a broken man for the time.

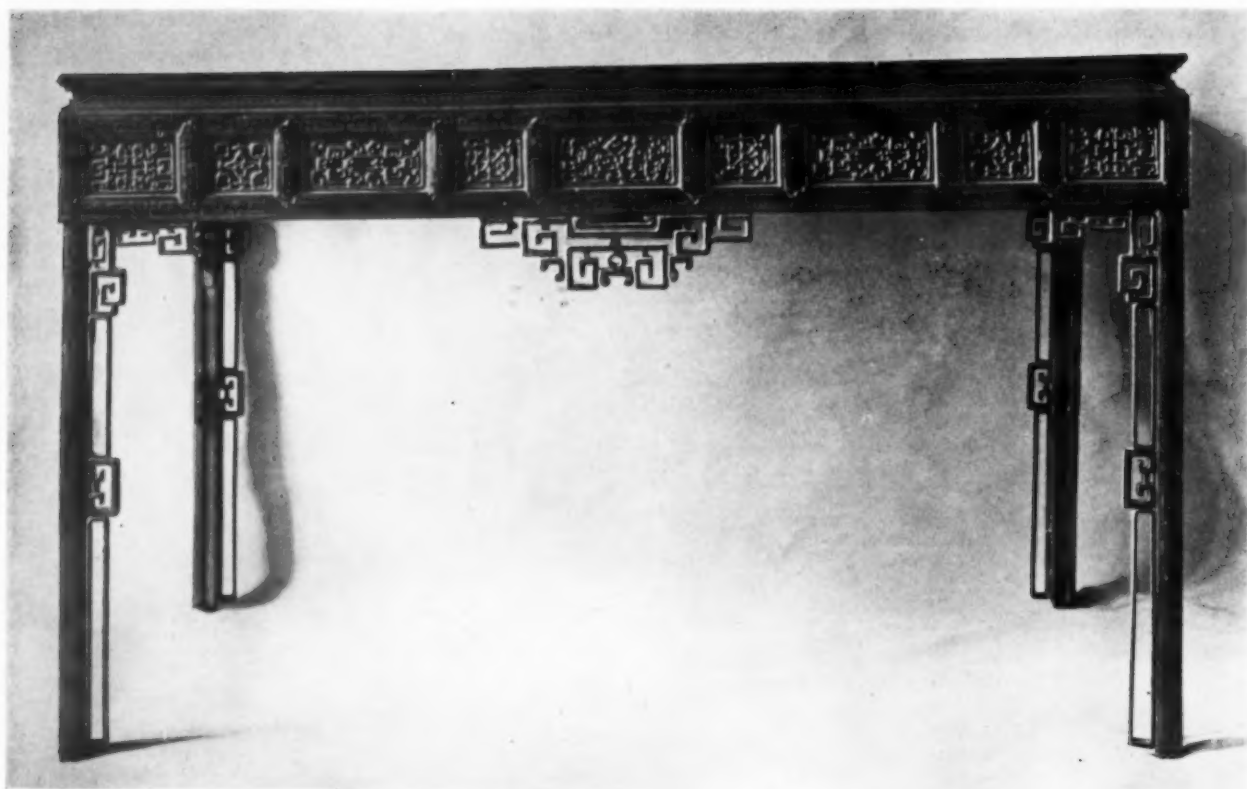
He then reorganised the Chilian navy, performed incredible exploits against the Spaniards, who not long before had offered to make him an admiral. Afterwards he was secured by the Greeks to reorganise their navy. In 1832 he was restored to his rank in our own navy, just after he inherited the Dundonald earldom from his father, and thereafter he rose to be admiral, and was reinstated in the Order of the Bath.

A brilliant and winning personality, of the stuff of which Blake and Nelson were made, his quarterdeck breeziness was unsuited to official life, and



THE SAILOR CLOCK.





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AN ORIENTAL LAC TABLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

threw him into foreign employ when his services would have been most valuable to England. It is worth noting that Arbuthnot and Cochrane made it a tradition that Hanover Lodge should shelter Knights of the Bath, and this was carried on by Admiral Beatty's creation last year.

But we must return to Hanover Lodge. Elmes is almost lyrical about the gardens, and not without justice. He found them laid out "with considerable taste and elegance," but, oddly enough, makes no mention of what is now, as it must have then been, their chief charm—that they slope



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THE PRINCIPAL BEDROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

HANOVER LODGE IN 1820.

COUNTRY LIFE.

down to the Regent's Canal on their northern boundary. He is very pleased that "the meandering walks and irregular shaped beds and baskets cut out in the emerald-velvet turf, give greater delight to the tasteful eye, and more pleasure to the cultivated mind than the banished formalities of the mathematical school of gardening of Kent and his contemporaries." That is as it may be, but the citing of Kent is not very happy, since it was he who began the destruction of formal gardening and prepared the way for the naturalistic futilities of "Capability" Brown. Elmes goes on mightily satirically. "Had Kent, I say, laid out these grounds he would have displayed in cut box, or more formal yew, the star and insignia of the commander of the military order of the Bath, with which the gallant proprietor is ennobled. The white horse of Hanover would have shone in chalk . . . and the crest, family arms and honorary additions would have been emblazoned in all the honours of London pride and Virginia stock, in proper colours." Quite a pretty idea, as it is carried out in begonias in the great villa gardens which line the Welper Weg at Arnhem.

But if the first gardener of Hanover Lodge did none of these things he did better, for he preserved fine trees and planted others, which now embower the Lodge and make it as truly a country house in London as may be imagined.

We now come to the alterations made to the house by Mr. Lutyens after Admiral Beatty acquired it at the end of 1909. The little engraving reproduced from *Metropolitan Improvements* by Shepherd and Elmes shows that it was originally a two-storeyed house, with a low roof, almost invisible behind a plain parapet. On the south front the big drawing-room, with its windows set in a screen of Ionic columns, was of one storey only. At some time, probably half way through the nineteenth century, a bedroom, with large dormer windows, was added above the drawing-room on the south side, and a single storeyed billiard-room was built out on the west side.

Even with these additions the accommodation afforded was small, and in order to bring it up to Admiral Beatty's requirements it was necessary to provide at least eight more rooms. This could only be done by adding a storey not only to the main block, but also to the western wing. Had Mr. Lutyens made his additions exactly in the manner of 1820, i.e., if he had reproduced the low pitched roof behind parapets on an added storey Hanover Lodge would have taken on a very gaunt and unsatisfactory appearance. He wisely decided, therefore, to add practically nothing to the height of the walls, and to secure the new rooms in an attic under a high pitched roof over the main block and in a new storey over the western wing, the lines of which continue those of the

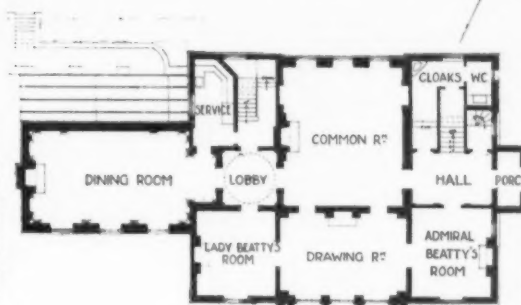
old building. This admittedly has altered the general character of the house, but it had already suffered considerably by earlier alterations.

It never

was so admirably typical of the Regent's Park manner that any alteration of it could be regarded as an interference with an "ancient monument." Some of the houses in the Park would look unreasonable with a high roof, but that is not true of Hanover Lodge. Moreover, the enlarged building has now a personal character which might not,



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



GROUND FLOOR PLAN



PLANS OF HANOVER LODGE.



Copyright.

THE SOUTH FRONT.

COUNTRY LIFE.

perhaps, secure the approval of the ghost of John Nash, but, none the less, is attractive in its own right as well as showing an admirable solution of a difficult problem.

The entrance front faces east, and the old front door was sheltered by a porch of rather dreary design. Mr. Lutyens substituted for this a two-storey projection, which incidentally yields space for a bathroom on the first floor. The disposition of the rooms was considerably changed, and very much for the better. The new staircase shown in two of our photographs took the place of very mean stairs

of no architectural merit. What is now the big common room, or hall, covers the space originally devoted to an inner hall, lighted from the top, and a dining-room, facing north. There had originally been no secondary staircase, and the old library was abolished to provide room for this necessary feature. The old billiard-room became the dining-room, and has been beautifully panelled in pine, as two of our photographs attest. The best feature of the original plan was the suite of three south rooms, which have been redecorated throughout, but otherwise not altered. The drawing-room is particularly pleasing. The treatment of the ceiling with a bold and severe plaster rib is altogether successful. Mr. Lutyens in his later work is always sparing in his employment of the crafts, but a word of special praise must be given to the beautiful carved consoles and garlands over the doorways and on mantelpieces.

No little of the charm of the interior is due to the fine judgment of Lady Beatty as a collector of old furniture.

The black and gold "Restoration" chairs in the common room are singularly fine examples, and they have fit company in the English black lacquer cabinet with its fine cresting and the Chinese lacquer table. In the drawing-room is a beautifully proportioned pagoda-top mahogany china cabinet, which might have come from the workshops of Chippendale himself, and near it is a late seventeenth century gilt table of English make, decorated with little Chinese panels. In the Admiral's room there is a low stool of William and Mary type, but, perhaps, the most interesting feature of the room is the appropriate sailor clock which stands on his writing table. This is of carved and painted wood, similar in technique to Spanish work of the early eighteenth century. Nor is this the only memory of the sea in Hanover Lodge. The walls are filled with portraits of old naval heroes and with pictures of the early battleships, the instruments of that sea power which Sir David Beatty and his cruiser squadron are now doing their part so ably to maintain.

LAWRENCE WEAVER.

SUGAR FROM BEET.

HISTORY.

SUGAR has been produced in Germany from beet since 1836. They started with a few tiny factories with an output of eleven tons apiece. The area under beet cultivation was 3,250 acres, and the average yield of sugar only 5½ per cent. The progress made was slow until after the war of 1870. A few years later the introduction of steam power for ploughing and cultivating the land had a large share in building up the industry to its present important position. In 1907 the German states had 1,100,000 acres under sugar beet, with 369 factories engaged in sugar manufacture, averaging 6,000 tons per factory. The sugar percentage had risen by careful breeding of the seed plants to 15 per cent. The industry had in the meantime spread almost all over Europe, Austria-Hungary, France, Belgium and Holland, in particular, growing large areas under beet, and putting up many important factories. England, however, has so far fought shy of the industry, although many experiments have been made, and in almost all cases they foreshadow a great success in store for those who start on large lines. The Germans owe much to the generous help given by their Government, but it would be unfair not to recognise the close application and scientific care brought to bear on the subject by the farmers and their trained advisers. The result is that of the beet sugar imported into this country, 1,250,000 tons out of 1,600,000 tons came to us from Germany and Austria-Hungary.

OTHER SOURCES OF SUGAR SUPPLY.

It must take some years before the damaged fields and factories of Belgium and Northern France can be brought back to their normal production, and at best their surplus over their own requirements is very limited, and for a considerable period it would appear probable that they would have no surplus at all. The supplies of cane sugar can possibly be enlarged to a moderate extent, but there are factors here to be considered, viz., ravages by storms and insects, lack of native labour, and the fact that Canada has arranged with the British East Indies to give her a preference for ten years of 8½d. per hundredweight on their 96deg. sugar entering the Canadian market.

ENGLAND'S OPPORTUNITY.

It would appear that the present moment is opportune for the creating of a new and valuable branch of British agriculture, and incidentally for the starting of sugar factories. The main question is, "Can sugar be made from beet grown in England, and will the industry be profitable to the farmer and the manufacturer?"

CLIMATE.

There has been a general belief in England that our climate is not suitable to the growing of sugar beet. This is based on the fact that the amount of sunshine during the summer months is less here than on the Continent. Experience, however, has conclusively proved that the hot years are far from giving the best results, and, further, that the roots grown in East Prussia are better than those grown in Hungary, where they are subject to more sunshine. An English expert, who has had over forty years' experience in Germany and Austria, gives it as his opinion that the English climate is perfect for the cultivation of sugar beet, and a moderately fine English summer ideal.

SOIL.

The same authority, in speaking of soils suitable for growing beet, says that almost any agricultural land will grow sugar beet, and that much of the land in the Eastern, Southern and Western Counties in England is unrivalled in its potentialities for successful beet growing. Both light and heavy soils can be utilised for beet, and both should be found for each separate factory, the result being to prolong the season of manufacture, the light soils ripening their crops first and being followed in rotation up to the heaviest. On the Continent, sugar beets are grown to perfection on the rich loams of Saxony, in Mid-Silesia,

Brunswick and Anhalt; also on the heavy soils in Westphalia, Thuringia and Saxony, and on light soils in Mecklenburgh, Pomerania, Southern Posen and Altmark. Herr Zelter, a prominent East Prussian agriculturist, when in England in 1910, said, after a careful examination of the Eastern Counties: "The soil of England is for the most part more fertile than that of Germany, and the rent less than in Germany. On similar land the German farmer grows sugar beet with success and pays double the rent the English farmer pays. There is no reason why sugar beet culture should not be successful in England." Innumerable experiments have demonstrated that over large areas in England beet can be grown to a sugar content equal, if not superior, to that of the Continent. It is computed that some 6,000 trial sowings have been made. England's advantages are shown by the following figures:

CONTINENTAL RECORD, TEN YEARS, 1899 TO 1908.

Country.	Ton of roots per acre.	Sugar percentage.	Tons of roots per ton of sugar.
Germany	11.868	15.42	6.4
Austria-Hungary	9.682	15.42	6.6
Belgium	12.136	13.97	7.2
France	11.272	12.84	7.8
Russia	5.780	14	7.1
Holland	10.006	14.47	6.9

NATIONAL SUGAR BEET ASSOCIATION TESTS, 1910-1911.

County and Locality.	Percentage of sugar.	Tons of beet per acre.
Berks, Wallingford	17.0	14½
Cornwall, Marazion	17.3	25½
Essex, Dunmow	18.7	14½
Gloucester, Stanton	17.1	—
Kent, Canterbury	17.1	15½
Middlesex, Harlington	17.7	16½
Somerset, Bridgwater	18.3	15½
" Yeovil	17.7	15
" South Petherton	17.3	17½
Suffolk, Bury St. Edmunds	19.1	13
" Ipswich	20.5	—

LABOUR.

There are two distinct periods of the beet growing season when extra labour is required—first, in early summer, when the plants have to be hoed and separated; and, secondly, when the pulling season arrives. For the first operation female labour is particularly well suited; partially disabled soldiers and sailors would here find employment and, in addition, some of the permanent staff of the factories could give assistance. The heavy work of lifting the crop is now lessened by a special machine invented by Messrs. John Fowler and Co. of Leeds and Germany; but here again extra hands will have to be found. There seems to be a general belief that one result of the war will be to attract men who have tasted the joys of an open air life to agricultural and other work which is mainly carried on out of doors. If this proves to be a correct forecast, the labour side of beet production in England will be greatly simplified. In any case, it can surely be tackled successfully, even though the rate of wages be higher than in Germany and Austria. A large staff of workers for the factories while in operation is a necessity, and the bulk of such staff would be available for extra labour during the growing and pulling of the beet. The factories only work while the roots are being pulled.

THE FARMER'S PROFIT.

The farmer's profit is fourfold:

- (1) From the tonnage of clean beets per acre.
- (2) From the tops and crowns left on the land, constituting a fodder 50 per cent. superior in nutritive qualities to mangold.
- (3) From the refuse pulp or slices, which have a feeding value for cattle equivalent per ton to a third of a ton of hay.

(4) It has been proved that land which has carried a beet crop increases the following cereal and other crops to the extent of 30 per cent. for the two following years.

Taking the first three sources of profit, experts place the value to the farmer at from £4 to £7 per acre.

THE MANUFACTURER'S PROFIT.

The factory profit depends upon the receipt of a minimum supply of clean beets within a given area at a reasonable price. The site should be carefully chosen to tap all methods of transit, especially the railways. Given a full supply of beets and sugar at 13s. per cwt., a factory should pay a dividend on its capital.

As, however, it must take some years for farmers to learn how to grow maximum crops, it is highly necessary that the industry for some years to come should be helped by the State and not be liable to Excise Duty until it has had the opportunity of establishing itself on a solid basis. It must be remembered that the capital required is very large, and to manufacture all the beet sugar now imported would absorb many millions. A factory to deal with 700 tons of clean beets a day, grown on from 3,000 acres to 4,000 acres, would take about £160,000 of capital, and such a concern run to the best advantage would turn out some 4,500 tons to 5,000 tons of sugar per annum.

W. HERBERT FOWLER.

THE CITY OF SMYRNA.

THE fate of the great city of Smyrna still hangs in the balance, but assuredly more will be heard of it when the operations at the Dardanelles draw near their culmination. Smyrna is not strategically bound up with the attack on Constantinople. As the Turks have no warships there, it cannot be used as a sea base against the Allies. Its seizure would not affect the Turkish land communications with Syria and Palestine, which do not pass near Smyrna. Some of the troops of the Smyrna garrison are believed to have been already removed to the Asiatic shores of the Dardanelles.

The reason why Smyrna is menaced by the Allies is simply that it is the second city of the Turkish Empire. Its fall would reverberate throughout the Near East. It is a rich prize, and it is craved by Greece. The reasons for threatening it are, therefore, in the main, political. But though warships can compel a seaport to surrender, they cannot furnish an adequate garrison for a city of a quarter of a million souls. Hence the reduction of Smyrna must to some extent wait upon the larger enterprise further north. To push it to a conclusion prematurely would be to give hostages to fortune.

To steam up the Gulf of Smyrna on a bright spring morning is a delightful experience. The shores of the Gulf are mountainous, and the first glimpse of the city and port surpasses the approach to Naples. The broad quays stretch across the head of the Gulf and are crowded with shipping. Behind them the white city is far outspread

and covers the lower slopes of Mount Pagus. It does not look in the least Turkish, and is not very much so in fact. Smyrna is far older than the Turk, and he has never impressed his spirit upon the city as he has done upon Stamboul.



Lowat Fraser.

SMYRNA FROM THE SEA.

Copyright.

Only a fourth of the population is Turkish, but one half is Greek, and the rest a cosmopolitan mixture. The Greeks are the real makers of modern Smyrna, and whatever may be the immediate outcome of this war, they will assuredly possess it again. One heard in Smyrna a good many stories of the corruption and inefficiency of Turkish rule, but on the whole the Turks seemed to deal lightly with the Smyrniotes. The blight of the Turk was less visible in Smyrna than in other great Turkish cities. In recent years Smyrna has

become a favourite place of call for the ocean liners which make "yachting" cruises in the Mediterranean, and it must have seen more tourists in the last decade than in all its previous history. The view of the city and the Gulf and the distant islands from the summit of Mount Pagus is one of the finest prospects in the world. I should perhaps be inclined to put it among the dozen best views were it not that it would be very difficult to decide upon the other eleven. One heard a good deal about brigands at Smyrna, and while I was there a German baron who only lived three or four miles out was carried off by a brigand band and held to ransom. From Smyrna, too, came Dr. W. G. Grace's cricketing story of the man who was fielding so far out at deep mid off that he was carried away by brigands and never seen again.

LOVAT FRASER.



Lowat Fraser.

SMYRNA AND MOUNT PAGUS.

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*M. W. Parsons.*

IN THE COMMON CAUSE.

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LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Juliette Drouet's Love-Letters to Victor Hugo, by Louis Guimbaud, translated by Lady Theodora Davidson. (Stanley Paul.)

FEW love stories are more affecting than that of Juliette Drouet, Victor Hugo's Juliette, and Lady Theodora Davidson's translation of her letters, edited with a biography by Louis Guimbaud, will be heartily welcomed by all interested in the combination she presented of ardent passion and life-long fidelity. Hers is a tale of love and pity. Anyone who compares the picture of Juliette Drouet as La Princesse Négronie, with that which Bastien Lepage drew in 1883 will see that the only common factor to them is constancy. Grace, vitality, intelligence, beauty, beam from the earlier of the two; in the latter they have yielded to a haggard, devitalised pathos. What lay between accounted for the disillusion.

Juliette was proud to have come from the people. She was born at Fougères in 1806, her real name being Julienne Josephine Gauvain. Her father was a little suburban tailor who died before she was two years old, and her mother had scarcely lived long enough to hear her first lisps. But for a very kind uncle, a sub-lieutenant of artillery who had been wounded in one of the Napoleonic campaigns, she would have been placed among the infirmity foundlings. The young artillery officer was warm and open-hearted, but the fonder he grew of his charge the more absolutely did he allow her to do as she liked. During ten happy years she ran wild, and then Drouet, with the aid of two female relations who were nuns in a Parisian convent, got her admitted to the convent school. For her lively, adventurous spirit the cloister had no attraction, and she left at the age of sixteen carrying with her through life something of the taste, wisdom and distinguished manners she had caught from the sisters. She is next found as a pupil of the sculptor Pradier—about the most dangerous place for her. The sculptor had the temperament of an artist and the habits of a Bohemian—spendthrift, vain, garrulous, unmoral rather than immoral. She became his favourite model for the time being, and he was the father of her daughter, Claire Pradier. It was against all his notions of propriety that he, ex-Prix de Rome, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, Professor de l'école des Beaux Arts, should marry a model; but not being destitute of some consciousness of owing her something, he used his influence to get her set going in the theatre. Thus was she launched into the world of reality, and for a time it seemed to lead to nothing but enjoyment. As her biographer puts it, "she led the customary life of a theatrical star" of her day. Under these circumstances Victor Hugo first met her. The poet's state of mind at that period is indicated in a paragraph:

The secret of the change in Victor Hugo's physiognomy lies in the treachery of his wife and his best friend. Love and friendship failed him altogether. His moral distress was immense, his pain unfathomable. They inspired him with complaints so touching that, after hearing them, one asks oneself whether it can ever be possible for him to forget or recover. One despairs of the healing of the man who writes: "I have acquired the conviction that it is possible for the one who possesses all my love to cease to care for me. I am no longer happy."

In the spring of 1832 he met Julienne or Juliette at an artists' ball, and he has left on record how he was impressed, "but she was so beautiful and captivating that he was afraid of her and dared not address her." This state of things endured for six months. At the end of that time Juliette played the part of the Princess of Négronie in "Lucrece Borgia," and before long the poet and the actress had entered upon what proved to be a life-long connection.

Here was the beginning of as poignant and pitiful a love story as can be imagined. The girl who up to then had exercised no self-control, but given full rein to her natural inclinations, suddenly became bridled and harnessed by her intense love for him who henceforth was her hero. In the convent she had picked up the notion that sacrifice and penance can atone for sin. There was a strain of the same thing in Hugo, and as a result she became a willing captive in a small, poorly furnished apartment, where she was often glad to stay in bed to keep herself warm, and where she might have died of *ennui* if it had not been that the poet encouraged her to write those little notes—scribbles she called them—which constitute her share of the

correspondence between them. It must be said that Victor Hugo does not emerge from this history with very bright colours. He was inordinarily jealous, and cooped up the girl lest her affections should stray from him. At the same time he had very little idea of constancy on his own part. His life, indeed, was a succession of amours, some of them at least of a very commonplace and vulgar kind. The most that can be said for him is that he tried to screen them as far as he could from Juliette, to whom, naturally, they were the cause of undying pain. He could not succeed in that fully, and once or twice even her gentle soul rebelled, and she made up her mind to fly from him, though a kind message was always sufficient to bring her back. But she loved tenderly and truly and unselfishly. Her glory lay in his glory, and his success was her success. If at times the spirit of the artist returned and she fain would have taken her place on the boards again, it required very little management on his part to curb her propensity. Alike in his time of trouble, in his exile and in the day of his prosperity she was his best and truest friend, humble, meek and attentive, ready to be the merest housekeeper if only she could be beside him. The evil lines of her life deepened as time went on, and nothing could be more touching than the last chapter of the story when, afflicted with an internal cancer, she could look forward to nothing but the most horrible of all deaths—that by slow starvation. She had no difficulty in concealing her pain from the egotistical poet, who professed to believe that disease was an imaginary thing and could be got rid of by an exercise of the will. She died at last in her seventy-first year. To the end she listened submissively to the arguments with which he sought to persuade her that she did not really suffer, that there is no such thing as suffering; and the last letter she wrote to him was dated January 1st, 1883, the year in which she died:

Dear adored one, I do not know where I may be this time next year, but I am proud and happy to sign my life-certificate for 1883 with this one word: I love you.

You cannot open the book of her letters without coming upon that phrase: "I love you, I love you, my Victor."

Yes, yes, I love you! I do not say so to force you to believe it, but because I crave to repeat it with every breath, with every word, in every tone. I adore you much more than you can ever wish. I love you above all things.

All this fell little short of idolatry, but it entitles Juliette to a place among those to whom much shall be forgiven because she loved much.

Arabia Infelix, or the Turks in Yemen, by Wyman Bury. (Macmillan.)

ON some countries there is a superabundance of literature, on others there is paucity, but few exhibit such a deficiency as does Arabia in general, and the Yemen in particular. It is practically a "forbidden" land, closed on account of unending intertribal friction and a state of perennial disaffection between the inhabitants and their rulers—the Turks. Anyone, therefore, who lifts the veil of ignorance contributes to knowledge. Dealing, as it does, with a portion of Turkish Arabia, and an enemy's province bordering for some 150 miles on a British Protectorate, the information contained in this volume is of special importance at this moment. The fact that the author has felt obliged deliberately to apply the title of "Infelix" to that particular portion of the arid peninsula which has throughout the ages been known as "Felix"—the prosperous, the well favoured—shows the effect of Turkish suzerainty. The last English travellers in the Yemen were Harris in 1892 and Wavell in 1910, both of whom got into trouble and were escorted out of the country. Mr. Bury, however, describes the Yemen to us from a somewhat different standpoint; his sympathy and insight are evidently closer than that of the average "distant" European. There is a useful *résumé* of the history of this turbulent country, pervaded throughout with such intrigue and bloodshed as only Arabia knows. It is significant to note that the hardy mountaineers are patriots, not fanatics, and should therefore be amenable to a considerate government. The descriptions of the rugged fastnesses, where Yemeni villages—each a natural fortress—are perched on impregnable positions, in a delightful mountain atmosphere of "stormy freedom," create the desire that such a country should be rid of tyranny and given a fair chance. The chapter on "Current Events and a Forecast" is of topical interest. By far the most original and the most valuable portion of the book is that devoted to the wild life of this new hunting ground. The study of its natural history was evidently the principal object of the author's visit. He is here on his own ground, and forms an independent authority. Several new species and the member of a new genus were collected for the British Museum (Natural History Department). The illustrations are of value, those of the highland scenery being especially instructive. There are also three maps.

D. CARRUTHERS.

The Sword of Youth, by James Lane Allen. (Macmillan.)

THIS "remembrance of the soldier-youth of the American Civil War" is dedicated "to the soldier-youth of England in this war of theirs," and it is a fine and worthy offering. The story has but little actual fighting in it. Joe Sumner, a boy of sixteen, lives on an old Kentucky farm with his mother, once the wife of a rich and prosperous man, with slaves at her beck and call, now poor, lonely and with all the bitterness of civil war in her heart. On a memorable night, now long ago, her husband and her elder sons have ridden away to join the Southern armies, and none of them will ever come home. Joe alone remains, a busy drudge, doing all the work of the farm, but finding time to fall in love with his neighbour, Lucy Morehead. On his seventeenth birthday Joe decides that he is old enough to join the army, and that the rest of his life will not be worth living unless he does so. He defies his mother and he goes. Two years pass, and we see him now a hardened veteran of Lee's army, "the harassed and unconquered army of Northern Virginia." A letter arrives bidding him come back to his mother, who is dying, and he has to decide between two duties. He deserts, comes home to find that he is too late and goes straight back to Lee's army, now in its death throes at Richmond. He gives himself up and is forgiven by Lee, and comes safe home to marry Lucy. It is a short and simple story, but it is told with a fine dignity of style to which it is hard to do justice. Mr. Allen, though he never tends for a moment towards the consciously picturesque, has the power of conjuring up for his reader extraordinarily vivid pictures. The old farm amid the Kentucky hempfields, Lincoln in the streets of Richmond, the young soldier walking out to the sleeping camp straight past the picket—these and half a dozen other scenes will surely stay long in the memory. This is a book worth a hundred "war books," crammed with red hot, brand-new impressions of the war of to-day. It has the advantage of having matured for half a century, and possesses all the gravity and distinction of its years.

Gold and Thorns, by Max Rittenberg. (Ward, Lock.)

"YOU have never asked me my profession," said John Hallard, the hero of *Gold and Thorns*, to his wife a week after they were married. "I am a crook." "*Chéri*, I had suspected it before we were married and I don't care," was her answer. The uninitiated will require further enlightenment as to the nature of the "profession," and for their benefit we may add that a crook is an individual who, regarding the leisured rich as fair game, schemes to outwit them, by fair means or foul, in order to transfer some of their superfluous thousands (for the self-respecting crook deals only in thousands) to his own pocket. In order to have a fair field for his enterprise and ingenuity he must frequent those resorts where the giddy flies of fashion buzz and dance their wildest, and so John Hallard, his wife Renie and Laroche, his Corsican manservant, hang about the gaming tables of Monte Carlo, lounge in luxurious Continental hotels, pace the decks of Palace liners, rush across Europe in trains *de luxe*—"drift," in short, "with the tide of the leisured rich from season resort to season resort, sun-chasing, pleasure-chasing, health-chasing," and in this gay world they play their game, enjoy the fruits of success, and have a good deal of fun for their money, even when they meet with defeat. Mr. Max Rittenberg's books are admirably adapted for travel and convalescence.

"To those who spoil a good word by lengthening the 'i' in 'wind.'"—COUNTRY LIFE, MARCH 20TH.

Into my infant brain they dinned
That I must never say "the wind."
Unless I would be classed with those
Who know not poetry from prose;
And proof on whelming proof they piled
To crush a vaguely troubled child,
With instances from many a bard
Of lines mysteriously marred:
Until my drilled and docile mind
Agreed that I must call it "wind."

Yet often when an April breeze
My uninstructed spirit stirred,
Or when high up in summer trees
Sounds of a going could be heard,
And most, oh most on winter nights
When to the thunder of the sea
A gale came sweeping up the heights,
And rocked my pigmy bed and me:
Then against Culture's law I sinned,
Crying, "This is the wind—the wind!"

And as I grew this thought was blent
With each atrocious precedent—
That poets do not really find
Such pleasure in the sound of "wind,"
As need compel me to rescind
My stubborn preference for "wind";
But they are banded in a clique
(For even poets' flesh is weak)
To write this horror every time
Because it's easier to rhyme.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES

THE PURITY OF SEEDS.

AT this moment, when everybody with even a little land is anxious to make the most of it, careful attention should be given to the warning issued by the Board of Agriculture about the purchase of seeds. Young agriculturists, and amateurs especially, are in danger of neglecting to distinguish between the nominal and real value of seed. From the bulk supplied by the merchant two deductions have to be made, one on account of purity and the other on account of germinating capacity. Purity is imperilled by the fact that weeds grow very freely among seeds, and unless the latter are properly cleansed the grower not only pays the price of good seeds for weed seeds, but he is sowing on his land noxious enemies. In red clover such weeds as red field poppy, shepherd's purse, chickweed, ox-eye daisy, stinking mayweed, scentless mayweed, dodder, self-heal, plantain, goose-foot and sorrel may be found in proportions varying from two to seventeen.

The practical way out of the difficulty is for the purchaser to demand a warranty from the seller. He should ask for a guarantee, first, as to purity and germinating capacity, and, second, as to the weed seeds present. He should also claim the right to return if on analysis by a recognised agricultural botanist the seeds do not come up to the guaranteed standard. For all this he may be asked to pay an increased price, but the result is worth it. It is cheaper in the long run to have pure seed at a comparatively high price than to buy rubbish at a low price, with the result that the crop must be poor and the land is sown with weeds that can only be exterminated at the cost of much expenditure of money and labour. Modern scientific farming cannot afford to do without the chemical analyst and the weighing machine. It was an older usage to buy whatever was offered, even if it were grass seeds from the granary floor.

MILLING PROFITS.

In connection with the rise in the price of wheat a good deal of attention has been directed to a speech by Mr. Harry Prickett at the meeting of the Cardiff Board of Guardians on Saturday. He wished to draw the attention of the Government to the fact that bread, which before the war was 5½d. to 6d. the loaf, was now 8½d. or 9d. At the same time he recalled that one of the large milling firms had recently made a profit of £367,000, or about 300 per cent. more than they had made in the previous year. The firm referred to is that of Messrs. Spillers and Bakers, the figures of which have recently been published. The only explanation which we have seen put forward is not very intelligible. It is that "the high values which have yielded so large a profit have been set not by this particular firm, but by market conditions nearer the centres of production." If this means anything, it is that the entire milling industry must be making an enormous profit out of bread at a time when the country requires all the food it can get at a reasonable price. We are not among those who raise a storm whenever a good dividend is declared, but 300 per cent. additional profit on the handling of the most necessary article of food must strike the most moderate mind as outrageous.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- Her Measure, by Curtis Yorke. (Hutchinson, 6s.)
A Lady of Russia, by Robert Bowman. (Heinemann, 6s.)
Angela's Business, by Henry Sydnor Harrison. (Constable, 6s.)
His Mother's Honour, by Vincent Brown. (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)
Lord Quare's Visitor, by Florence Warden. (J. Long, 6s.)
The Dream Friend, by V. Goldie. (J. Long, 6s.)
Love and the Man, by Winifred May Scott. (Drane, 6s.)
The Record of Nicholas Freydon. (Constable, 6s.)
A Man's Road, by Sir Home Gordon. (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)
The Kles, by Anton Tchekhoff. (Duckworth, 2s. 6d. net.)
The War and Our Financial Fabric, by W. W. Wall. (Chapman and Hall, 5s. net.)
France in Danger, by Paul Vergnet. (John Murray, 2s. 6d. net.)
The British Soldier: His Courage and Humour, by the Rev. E. J. Hardy, M.A. (T. Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d. net.)
Aircraft in the Great War, by C. Grahame-White and Harry Harper. (T. Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d. net.)
National Rifle Association, 1914. (Waterlow.)
The Red Glutton, with the German Army at the Front, by Irvin S. Cobb. (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)
The Second Phase of the Great War. (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s. net.)
Krupps and the International Armaments Ring, by H. Robertson Murray. (Holden and Hartlingham, 2s. 6d. net.)
The Soldier's Pocket Companion. Edited by the Earl of Meath. (Crosby, Lockwood and Co., 1s. net.)
What I Saw in Berlin, by "Piermanni." (Eveleigh Nash, 3s. net.)
Ruff's Guide to the Turf. Spring edition. (Sportsman Office.)
A Chaplet of Herbs, by Florence Hine. (Routledge, 2s. 6d. net.)
A New Book of Patience Games, by Ernest Bergholt. (Routledge, 1s. net.)

A DRIVE BY BRAID.



TEEING THE BALL.



NATURE'S AID TO THE GRIP.



UP AND AT IT.



AWAY IT GOES.



AFTER IT.

THIS series of photographs of Braid in the act of playing a tee shot were taken by a well known amateur photographer, Mr. Percy Northey, at the opening of the new course at Woodcote Park. They form but a very small fraction of a film of golfing pictures; how small a fraction no one can realise until he has unrolled a cinematograph film for himself and found it winding itself round the legs of all the tables and chairs in the room. Such photographs have occasionally been reproduced before, but they have, as a rule, been confined to the actual movement of striking. We have thought it more novel and also more entertaining to show the whole stroke from the moment of the first preliminaries till the player strides triumphantly after the ball.

The second row of pictures is particularly interesting, as it shows Braid's action, at once so characteristic and so

menacing, of giving a lick to his hands before proceeding to business. "By the Lord Harry, this shall not go for naething," he seems to say, like the old Scottish player in one of the most familiar of golfing pictures. In the third and fourth row the movements are, of course, extraordinarily rapid and are certainly illustrative of that "divine frenzy," as it has well been called, with which Braid lets out at the ball. The fourth picture of the third row is noticeable in showing that at the top of the swing the club has not quite reached the horizontal position. It is interesting to note the movement of the body in the follow through. It seems to come forward a little just after the ball has flown: then to come back a little as the ball gets fairly on its way, and finally to go right forward again with a formidable lurch at the last. "Lurch," however, is not perhaps a right word to use, since the series gives a valuable lesson in the art of balance.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BIRDS IN THE WAR AREA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following note from a letter received last week from my son, now in Flanders, may be not uninteresting: "What do you think of a thrush nesting in one of our field-guns in action? The nest is underneath the barrel of the gun, just in front of the shield, and contains four eggs. I am afraid too many people have been to look at it and the eggs are now, I think, deserted. The gun probably was not fired while the birds were building, but some of the other guns in the battery were firing, certainly. I suppose the birds have got used to noises by this time." My son speaks also of the numbers of magpies in the same region, some of which are nesting, apparently little disturbed by the firing and the generally disturbed state of the country. These mischievous birds are very common in French and Belgian Flanders, and account for a good deal of the scarcity of game in that region. Nevertheless, pheasants were roosting nightly in a copse last winter, close to a house where my son and other officers were billeted, and were shot occasionally with revolvers in order to furnish a welcome change of dietary.—H. A. B.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reference to an article of mine on birds in time of war, an officer of the Royal Field Artillery writes an interesting letter from the trenches. "I read your article," he says, "sitting, as I am, in a shell-battered house within 300 yds. of the Hun trenches—safely behind a small brick wall, however. As I write, they are plugging at one of our aeroplanes overhead, rifles are firing all along the line, machine-guns pop-pop all night and day, and my own battery has just finished firing a series at them; yet I can at this moment hear sparrows, chaffinches and larks, singing fit to bust, and I see constantly all sorts of birds going about their rather pleasing spring-time jobs, just as if nothing in the world extraordinary was happening. I have just heard a yellowhammer join in; swallows have arrived in fair numbers, finches and wagtails come close to the firing line, and sparrows are building conspicuous rigmaroles of nests in bare poplar trees that I would not shin up myself for a thousand pounds—for reasons that would be obvious, were you here. I noticed directly I came here that such birds as there are took no notice of war at all. I have never seen a hawk, though, or a plover, but there are rooks." The letter gives a pleasant and vivid picture of a lighter side of war, but its main interest, as I think, lies in its testimony to the brave indifference of many species of birds to all the din of the firing.—HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

MILITARY ENTRENCHMENTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have always had considerable difficulty in expressing my ideas clearly in writing, and to this I must attribute the fact that most of my critics who have not seen my work are of the opinion that there is nothing novel or useful in my ideas, while those who have inspected my trenches are of precisely the opposite opinion. It is quite possible on even a flat lawn to hide a trench by means of an elevation which, owing to the nature of its contour and shading, is not perceptible as such. This is not likely to be believed unless seen. I would therefore suggest that if those who have not seen any of my entrenchments would honour me by inspecting them, they would change their present views.

My two most severe critics are "Soldier" and "A COUNTRY LIFE Reader at the Front." "Soldier" asks, "Why do I assume that similar ideas are not carried out at the front?" The answer is an obvious one, because they are not even carried out under the ideal conditions prevailing at home. Before I wrote this article I had seen scores of trenches from the north-east of Scotland to the South Coast, and since then, at the suggestion of various soldiers, who had informed me that they knew of trenches exactly like mine, I visited several more, but have not yet seen one which resembles those I suggest in the smallest degree.

The letter of "A COUNTRY LIFE Reader at the Front" is of very great interest, and if my article had been half as clearly and vividly expressed, I doubt if it would have been so severely criticised. One example that he takes is, however, somewhat an unfortunate one; he illustrates the overhanging lip of my trenches, and states that men carrying boxes of ammunition, etc., could not help stumbling and knocking up against it, and no overhanging lip would remain more than a few hours. Now, if he had studied the article and photographs more closely, he would have seen that the overhanging lip is only made in the recess, and is in such a position that there is a clear passage behind, and no man carrying boxes could possibly stumble up against it. He suggests that when opposing trenches are only a short distance apart, concealment is no longer of value. Now, I contend that it is of the utmost value at even as short a distance as 50 yds., as can be easily proved by constructing a visible trench opposite a concealed one, and letting men fire at each other with blank ammunition from the opposing trenches. He also asks why I did not mention wire in my article? The reason was because its length was necessarily limited, and that somewhat the same principles apply in concealing wire. Wire can be concealed with much less labour than one would imagine. It must be sufficient to say that in some cases the remains of an old hedge, fence, ditch, row of trees or a stream may be utilised; in others, the size of a natural hollow may be exaggerated, and, in any case, a hollow can be easily made without the extraordinary amount of labour he suggests. I see no reason why the ordinary galvanised barbed wire should not be made inconspicuous by colouring it with some neutral tint.

As regards the time and trouble necessary to concealment, I contend that it takes no more time, material and trouble to make a concealed trench than a visible one, and I suggest that the majority of Army officers have had so little experience in imitating natural features that they have not yet realised this fact. Army officers appear to have no idea of concealment by the imitation of natural contours. All their attempts at concealment that I am

acquainted with have involved an absolutely unnecessary expenditure of time, material and trouble, such as carting all the soil away, laboriously planting the parapet with whin bushes, rushes, small trees, turnips, etc. I should be pleased to send privately to any officer my suggestion for lessening the dangers and difficulties of working during the night.—A. MacKENZIE, Moor Allerton Lodge, Leeds.

DECLINE OF STOCK IN THE UNITED STATES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have followed the controversy on "Bread or Meat," which has been running through your columns since March 6th, with the most intense interest, and thoroughly enjoyed the expressions of opinion you have printed—opinions in many cases from absolute authorities in matters agricultural. There seems little doubt that in view of the outlook for store cattle, and the demand which from now onwards will be intensified as grass becomes more forward, practically every healthy calf should be reared, for those farmers who are in the enviable position of providing their grazing stock out of their own yards are the men who will reap the benefit as well as doing their "bit." Certain it is that there is far too prolific a slaughter of young stock still going on. What I wish to mention, however, is that this vital question has not been confined to our own islands; but from the "Agricultural War Book," just issued by the Dominion Government of Canada, it is apparent that there is a danger of farmers being tempted into placing wheat before everything else, to the exclusion of many other crops essential to the welfare of their livestock, which will to that extent be sacrificed. It is stated that the decline of stock in the United States of America since 1899 amounts to 10,000,000 cattle, 10,000,000 sheep and 5,000,000 hogs (in round figures), while at the same time there are about 20,000,000 more people to be fed in that country. It follows, therefore, that the Department of Agriculture in the Dominion, and similarly those of the various provinces, will strain every effort to prevent any diminution in the production of flesh and milk. Authoritative opinion in Canada seems to be in favour of the view that "meat" is at least equal in importance to "bread."—W. A. OLDFIELD.

TWIN MASCOTS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The 1st Gwent Battalion of the South Wales Borderers, now in training in North Wales, ought to be a particularly lucky battalion, for their regimental mascot has recently presented them with two little mascots. The photograph which I enclose shows the two young kids.—H. PHILLIPS.



RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE SOUTH WALES BORDERERS.

THE PRONUNCIATION OF TRAFALGAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The correct pronunciation of "Trafalgar" has been retained by the Nelson family in the title "Viscount Trafalgar." The English custom of throwing back the accent is ineradicable.—H. BRETON.

A SCARCE HUNTING PRINT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have seen in your last issue Mr. H. A. Bryden's letter and the photograph of a hunting picture by Wootton. The original painting, which is a very large canvas (or one exactly similar), is in the Hall at Longleat, the seat of the Marquess of Bath, together with three other large pictures by the same artist. The standing figure on the left is probably a portrait of the second Lord Weymouth.—PERCY W. CRUTTVELLS.

VILLAGE INDUSTRIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Re letter of "Secretary, Village Industries," in last week's COUNTRY LIFE. As the villager will be harder hit by this wicked war than the townsman, it is absolutely necessary that the articles made in our villages should be novel and useful, and saleable at home and abroad, not the article of only local use, which will not show sufficient profit to pay good and regular wages all the

year round and keep the people at home. I should consider it a favour if you, Mr. Editor, would invite inventors to introduce some useful invention, on sound, straight, business lines, which will benefit capital, labour and invention, and thus make the industry quite mutual and of a friendly character, so that no strikes or discontent arise. I, as an inventor and country born, and fond of country life, shall be pleased to add my small quota of talent to this end. The great difficulty in most villages is to find a strong and enterprising capitalist who has the best interests of his village and people at heart. Perhaps some means may be found for introducing capital without the assistance of the professional money-lender or company promoter; if so, there is no reason why a village industry should not be a complete success, and bring prosperity to the inhabitants for many years.—MANNING.

COSMOS NATURALISED IN RHODESIA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was very interested in the picture of cosmos growing naturalised in Rhodesia, in COUNTRY LIFE last week; but why is it always called cosmos nowadays? A few years ago it was "cosmea," and "cosmos" only occurred as a *lapsus lingue* on the part of the uninformed, just as "Belgiums" has become such a common pitfall that one nearly tumbles in one's self. Now one actually sees the plant listed as "cosmos" by the seedsmen. Another point I should like to raise is its "domicile of origin." Your correspondent says it is a native of South America. The gardener who first persuaded me to grow it six years ago told me that it came from the Cape. A resident at the Cape also tells me that it is a native and grows wild in all colours, and that the Colonists first called it "cosmos." I may say that mine, grown in pots and put out early in May, flowered fairly well, though nothing like the wonderful bloom in your photograph; but all the blooms were white. Its foliage, however, was so beautiful that I should have grown it again for the sake of that alone, had I not had to give up a large garden for one where every foot of ground was a consideration. I understand that since I experimented with the plant, a much hardier and freer blooming strain has been introduced.—O. M.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The photograph of cosmos growing at Salisbury, Rhodesia, and the accompanying letter from H. J. Rumble in last week's number of COUNTRY LIFE interested me very much. I was travelling in Rhodesia in 1908, and when at Buluwayo was struck with the large quantities of these bright-coloured cosmos literally covering the waste grounds in various parts of the large growing town. I have no doubt many of these places are now built over, and, perhaps, the cosmos has disappeared. I have picked and sketched African flowers in many other parts of the country, but never came across cosmos except in Rhodesia, and have often wondered why it grew there so freely and not elsewhere. Buluwayo is some way from Salisbury, and whether or not another lady planted cosmos seed in her garden also at Buluwayo it is not for me to say. Botanists are doing much work in Africa, but much more lies before them among this interesting flora. I have planted English flower and vegetable seeds also in Africa, and at an altitude of 5,000ft. some of these quickly seeded themselves, so that no second sowing was necessary, so kindly did they take to the new soil.—H. A'C. PENREDDOCKE, F.R.G.S.

A MANY-FLOWERED PRIMROSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In a little cottage garden in this village there is a single specimen of the so-called "blue primrose" which I think constitutes a record for bloom on a single plant. As it may interest your readers, I took the accompanying photograph, which shows the habit and extraordinary number of blossoms. So numerous are the flowers that, as can be seen in the illustration, the leaves are practically invisible. The specimen measures 11½ in. across, and is 6 in. in height, having the appearance of a floral pin-cushion of mauve flowers. Considering that it has received no manurial aid, it speaks well for the habit and ease of culture of this species. The old lady who rents the cottage has a little "patch" which would delight the heart of any garden lover. In it the wild white scented violet runs riot, while all the old-world herbs, such as lavender, rosemary and tarragon, find a place, and the daffodils and snowdrops bloom in wild profusion.—CLARENCE PONTING.

CHIMNEY POTS FOR ROSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following details may interest those of your readers who have experienced a like difficulty to that I describe. A bald verandah confronted us, for the house we had taken, being new, was bare. "When this is festooned with roses it will not look so bad," I exclaimed. The landlord, a man who seldom agreed and was never agreeable, overheard my remark



RISING SUPERIOR TO CONCRETE FOUNDATIONS.

"You will spoil the verandah if you grow roses over it. Besides (chuckling), if you try you will not succeed, for a bed of concrete will hardly suit roses." I found he was right; there was concrete for some distance round the pillars. Visiting a neighbouring pottery soon after this conversation, I saw many large chimney pots. Here was my opportunity. I ordered three to be sent home immediately, and had one placed by each pillar. They were then filled with good soil, and the roses Belle Lyonnaise, Grüss an Teplitz and Albéric Barbier planted. Friends and relations sneered, "How could roses grow without root room?" But grow they did, with no more attention than frequent waterings, a little fresh soil added occasionally, and a teaspoonful of Clay's Fertilizer administered about once a month during spring and summer. The accompanying photograph gives but little idea of the wonderful sheet of intermingled blossoms that literally covered the roof of our verandah last June. The aspect is due south, and the roses had been in their chimney pots for four years.—E. BROUGHTON.

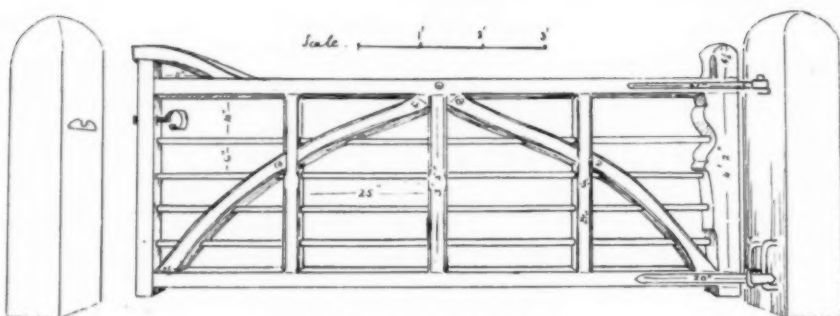


IN A COTTAGE GARDEN.

THE FIVE-BARRED GATE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In answer to the appeal for measured drawings of gates, I send you herewith a measured drawing of a farm gate, I believe, nearly one hundred years old, from Dorset. The length of the top bar is 9ft. 4in. and that of the post at the hinge end 4ft. 2in.—J. E. BAKER.



A DORSETSHIRE GATE.

IN NORTHERN RHODESIA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to the article in your publication of the 3rd ult., headed "Tsetse Fly and Big Game," I enclose two photographs from the same territory which I think may interest your readers. The photograph of the weaver bird nests hanging over water represents a habit common to these birds throughout Africa. There is a generally accepted theory that the selection of this site is for protective purposes against snakes and suchlike

is common of river and littoral natives throughout the world, who develop a perfectly marvellous skill in making their thrusts.—G. SEYMOUR FORT.

ROUND HOUSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The picturesque round houses in the accompanying photograph are two out of five to be found at Veryan, in Cornwall. They are placed two and two at each end of the village and the fifth in the centre. They were erected by a former parson of the name of Trist, the idea being to keep the Devil out of the village. They have thatched roofs surmounted by



AN AFRICAN FISHERMAN.

foes. This is probably only a partial explanation, and the matter offers an interesting field for further investigation. The photograph of the native in the act of raising a speared fish is also interesting. Th's form of fishing



WHERE SATAN CANNOT PASS.

a cross, and make comfortable three-roomed dwellings. The fifth has a slate roof.—H. HOPE.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WHITE-TAILED EAGLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds employs watchers in certain parts of our islands to protect as far as possible some of our rarer birds from the depredations of specimen collectors, sportsmen, snarers and the like. One of these watchers, who has been employed in guarding one of the ancient strongholds of the white-tailed eagle, says that the last of these magnificent birds has disappeared from this place, and it is believed there are no other such strongholds in the country. If this be true, sportsmen will

have the satisfaction of knowing that the white-tailed eagle is extinct in the British Isles, for these birds seldom return to a country whence they have been driven. I think something ought to be said about this wanton destruction of bird-life, which is quite uncalled for. If a rare bird does occasionally happen to visit these islands, it is generally shot by the ruthless "man with the gun." This is what has happened to the white-tailed eagle and many other of our once commoner birds. The same has happened in the case of the kite, the honey-buzzard, the bittern, the bustard and the harriers, to mention a few. The same is happening to-day; birds which come under bird protection Acts are being shot, their nests taken, and some are being snared literally by hundreds. I did not sit down to write an article on bird protection by taking all its phases into consideration, but merely to point out the danger of extinction of some of our rarer birds. The white-tailed eagle is—or should I say, was?—a bird with a fairly good reputation because he was not so bold as the golden eagle. In any case, whatever his merits or faults may be, there is no necessity for his destruction; he was created for a purpose, and I feel sure it was not to form food for powder, but was more probably as a balance-keeper of Nature.—C. W. S.



A WEAVER BIRD COLONY.